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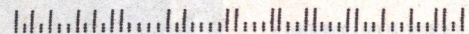
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Thomas Jefferson: America's Enigmatic Architect of Freedom

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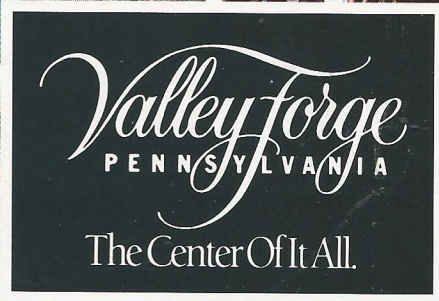
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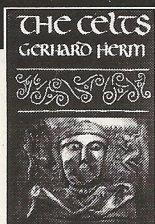
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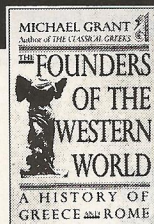
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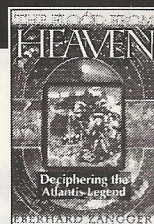
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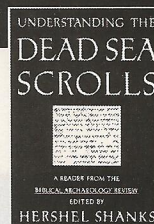
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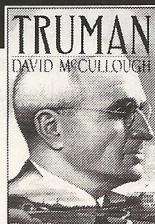
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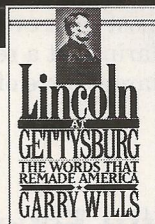
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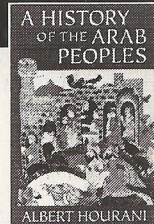
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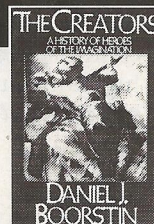
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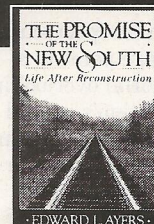
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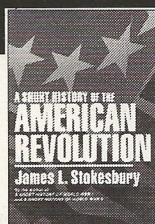
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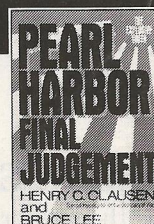
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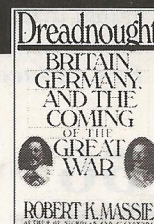
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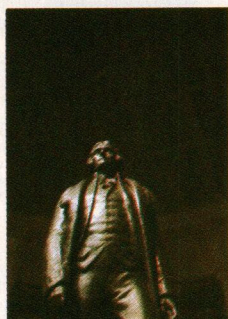
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COVER

From its spectacular vantage point in a memorial overlooking the nation's capital and the great Potomac waterway, sculptor Rudolph Evans's statue of Founding Father Thomas Jefferson seemingly gazes into the future, much as the primary author of the Declaration of Independence in 1776 beheld the vision of a new nation committed to the "holy cause of Freedom." A Renaissance man who strove to establish a republican political and social order in America, Jefferson, born 250 years ago this April, was a scholar, scientist, inventor, public servant, opponent of slavery (though a slave-owner), architect, educator, legislator, and the president who nearly doubled the size of the United States through the Louisiana Purchase. A biographical profile of this remarkable and sometimes paradoxical American begins on page 28.

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY CARL SOCOLOW

FEATURES

28 Apostle of Republican Liberty

As the Founding Father most strongly committed to the "holy cause of Freedom," Thomas Jefferson played a pivotal role in shaping the destiny of the American republic.

by Eugene R. Sheridan

38 Khe Sanh

A quarter-century ago, one of the most controversial battles of the Vietnam conflict pitted six thousand U.S. Marines at a remote—and questionably important—highland outpost against a vastly larger force of Hanoi regulars.

by Richard G. Harris

50 After Life's Fitful Fever

In an ironic postscript to Abraham Lincoln's assassination, the peace that he failed to enjoy in life continued to elude the slain president's mortal remains for nearly four decades after his death.

by Candace Fleming

56 "Welcome Eek!"

The author recalls the memorable day when her French village was liberated by "les américains."

by Claire Hsu Accomando

58 The Sailors of Palos

Although Christopher Columbus returned to lasting but troubled fame after his 1492 voyage, the seamen who accompanied him through storm and shipwreck remained virtually lost to posterity. Here an artist-historian tells us something about these long-forgotten sailors and their seafaring lives.

by Peter Copeland

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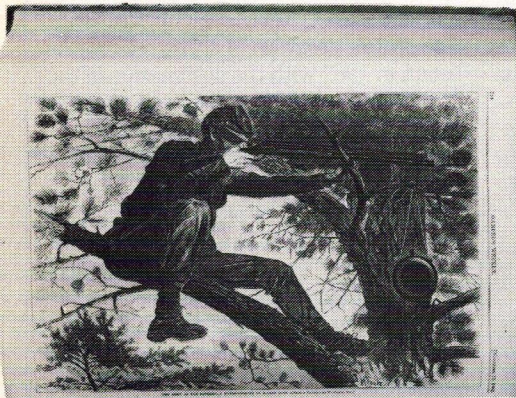
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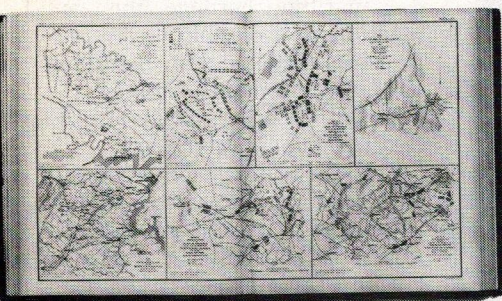
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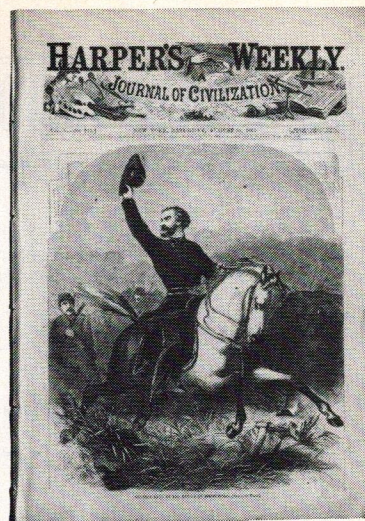
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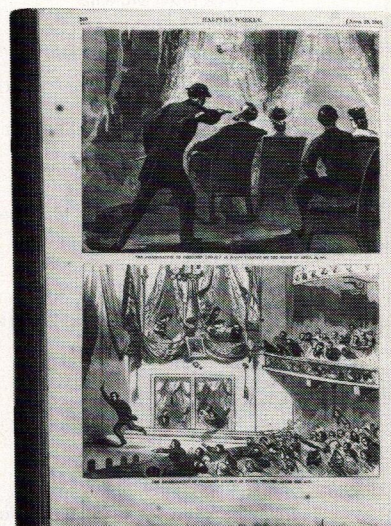
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History Today

Worldwide Commemorations Mark Jefferson Birthdate

Throughout 1993 a series of major exhibitions, lectures, symposia, publications, and other tributes mark the 250th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's April 13, 1743 birth. The commemorative events focus on Jefferson's influence in shaping both the American experiment in government and the character of the American mind.

In preparation for the many visitors who will travel to Monticello—Jefferson's magnificent Virginia home near Charlottesville—during this event-filled year, the historic structure has received a \$1-million roof renovation executed to Jefferson's own original specifications. Major public festivities are scheduled at Monticello for April 13 and July 4 (the date on which Jefferson died in 1826, fifty years to the day after signing the Declaration of Independence), and throughout the year his home will be the site of musical events; living-history demonstrations portraying slave and plantation life; and evening conversations exploring Jefferson's varied interests. Shadwell—Jefferson's birthplace—will re-open for special programs following two years of archaeological research.

International symposia on Jefferson will take place simultaneously in eight cities worldwide in September, with participants convening a month later for a plenary session in Charlottesville. An International Center for Jefferson Stud-

ies—housing a research center, archive, conference facilities, publications programs, and accommodations for visiting scholars—is also in the planning stage. A national lecture circuit is sending Jefferson scholars on speaking engagements to six U.S. cities. Jefferson-related exhibitions are scheduled for Washington, D.C., New York, and Chicago, in addition to Monticello and other Virginia locales. Public libraries in the newly independent states of Eastern Europe are receiving the writings of Jefferson through an international book exchange. And filmmaker Ken Burns has begun work on a Jefferson biography, scheduled to air in 1994.

For a complete listing of commemorative events contact the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Foundation, Inc., P.O. Box 316, Charlottesville, Virginia 22902; 804-293-2158.

Sunken Battleship Becomes Underwater Archaeological Preserve

A century after her 1893 launching in Philadelphia, the USS *Massachusetts* (BB-2) is the fourth submerged vessel off Florida's long coastline to become a State Underwater Archaeological Preserve. The state's program of shipwreck parks began in 1987 with the designation of the *Urca de Lima*, a Spanish galleon that sank near Fort Pierce during a 1715 hurricane. The *San Pedro*, a merchant ship that grounded off the Florida Keys in 1733, and the *City of Hawkinsville*, a

steamboat that sank in the Suwannee River in the 1920s, since have been added to the program.

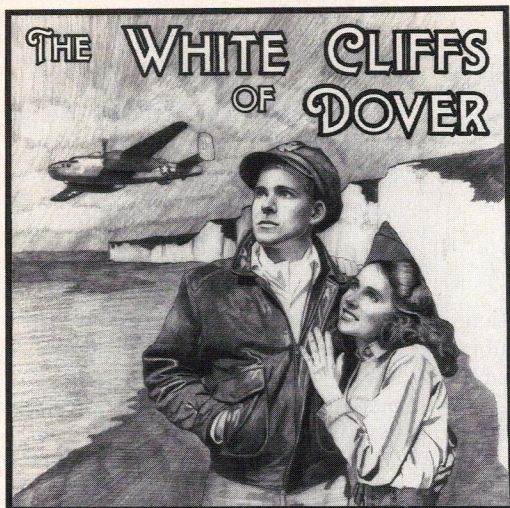
Shipwrecks are designated as underwater preserves based on their historical value, archaeological integrity, biological diversity, public accessibility, and recreational potential. As important examples of Florida's maritime heritage, they are made more accessible to divers—who are prohibited from disturbing the historic remains—through the addition of mooring systems and the creation of underwater maps.

The *Massachusetts* lies in twenty feet of water at the entrance to Pensacola Pass, with her two huge gun turrets visible above the surface at low tide. Built as part of America's "Steel Navy," the *Indiana*-class battleship saw action in the Spanish-



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American War. Decommissioned in 1919, she was towed to Pensacola in 1921 to serve as a target ship.

For more information contact the Florida Department of State, Bureau of Archaeological Research, R.A. Gray Building, Tallahassee, Florida 32399-0250; 904-487-2299.

Columbian Exposition Pavilion Restored

One of the few surviving international pavilions from the 1893 Columbian Exposition in Chicago that marked the four-hundredth anniversary of Christopher Columbus's voyages to the New World is being restored at Little Norway, a historical Scandinavian village near Mount Horeb, Wisconsin.

Patterned after a twelfth-century Norwegian church, the pavilion was built in Trondheim, Norway, disassembled before being shipped to the United States, and reconstructed as part of Norway's world's fair exhibit. Later owned by the prominent Wrigley family of Chicago, the ornate hewn-oak structure in 1939 became the centerpiece of the Scandinavian folk village and museum that grew from the collections of Isak Dahle. Historic photographs and documents are being used to re-create the structure's intricate woodwork, including rooftop dragon heads that keep vigilance against evil spirits.

For more information contact Little Norway, 3576 Highway JG N., Blue Mounds, Wisconsin 53517; 608-437-8211.

Texas Seaport Museum

The Galveston Historical Foundation has opened a \$3.6 million Texas Seaport Museum on Galveston Island's Strand to interpret the working of the nineteenth-century port and its role in local and national history. Designed to blend with the city's historic architecture, the museum focuses on the port's influence in the community, the commerce it generated, and the cargo that ships such as the restored 1877 three-masted bark *Elissa*—the museum's premier attraction—carried to and from Galveston. To increase awareness of the city's role as one of the nation's main ports of entry during the peak immigration years, museum exhibits examine would-be Americans' experiences, while a computer database allows visitors to access data on immigrants who entered the country through the port.

For more information contact the

Galveston Historical Foundation, 2016 Strand, Galveston Island, Texas 77550; 409-765-7834.

World War II Victory Ship Restored

The *Lane Victory*, a ten-thousand-ton cargo ship launched in 1945 at San Pedro, California, where she now is berthed, has been restored by the U.S. Merchant Marine Veterans of World War II (USMMVWWII) and will serve as a floating museum dedicated to the history of American merchant mariners, especially those who lost their lives in wartime.

The only unaltered survivor from among four hundred prefabricated Victory ships built to haul troops and supplies, and designed to be faster than earlier Liberty ships, the *Lane Victory* also served in the Korean and Vietnam conflicts before being retired in 1970. The ship, which made history in 1950 when she rescued more than seven thousand Koreans fleeing the Chinese invasion, was named for Isaac Lane, a self-educated former slave who founded Lane College in Jackson, Tennessee. In 1988 President Ronald Reagan signed into law an act of Congress granting the ship and available spare parts to the USMMVWWII, and in 1991 the *Lane Victory* was designated a National Historic Landmark.

For more information contact the U.S. Merchant Marine Veterans of WWII, P.O. Box 629, San Pedro, California 90733; 213-519-9545.

New Aviation Museum on Long Island

Two hangars of what was once Mitchel Field, a 1917 Army airfield in Nassau County near New York City, now house the Cradle of Aviation Museum, established to commemorate the region's role in aviation development. The museum, which opened last year, features among its collections the Herring-Curtiss *Golden Flyer*; Charles A. Lindbergh's restored Curtiss JN-4 "Jenny"; and such Long Island-built aircraft as an F-105B Thunderchief, a rare Peel Z-1 Glider Boat, and two lunar modules.

The flat, then-rural region on Long Island was the site of several other early airfields, including Washington Avenue Field, where Glenn Curtiss practiced flying prior to winning the 1909 Gordon Bennett Trophy in France; Hempstead Plains Field, home of the first civilian flying school in the

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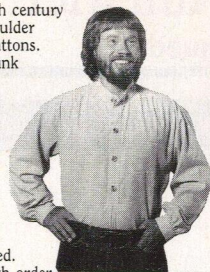
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country; and Roosevelt Field, from which Lindbergh embarked on his transatlantic solo flight. A number of prominent aerospace companies—among them Republic, Grumman, Fairchild, Sikorsky, and Sperry—had local beginnings, providing Long Island with what is still its largest employer.

For more information contact the Cradle of Aviation Museum, Museum Lane, Mitchel Field, Garden City, New York 11530; 516-222-1191.

Iroquois History Reflected in New Museum

After ten years of planning and fund-raising, a \$1.2 million building with a design reminiscent of the distinctive Iroquois long house has opened as the Iroquois Indian Museum in Howes Cave, Schoharie County, New York—the historical homeland of the Mohawks, one of the Iroquois tribes. The new museum traces the lives of the Iroquois and their ancestors from ten thousand years ago to the present day.

In about 1570 five Native American peoples—the Mohawks, Oneidas, Onondagas, Cayugas, and Senecas—formed the League of Five Nations, a political union that expanded in the early 1700s to include the Tuscaroras, who had migrated to New York from North Carolina. Many of the forms established by the League of Six Nations or Iroquois Confederacy became models for the Founding Fathers in establishing the new American national government.

For more information contact the Iroquois Indian Museum, P.O. Box 7, Howes Cave, New York 12092; 518-296-8949.

Lunar Phase Helped Paul Revere

Donald W. Olson and Russell L. Doescher, members of the Physics Department of Southwest Texas State University in San Marcos, have used computers to re-create the night sky above Boston on April 18, 1775, the night that Paul Revere (1735-1818) made his legendary "midnight ride." Like many before them, the two astronomers were curious about how—given the full moon cited five times in Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's famous poem "Paul Revere's Ride"—the American patriot had not been sighted by the crew of the HMS *Somerset*, anchored in Boston harbor, as he rowed across to Charlestown to begin his ride.

The scientists' computer re-creation

of the sky showed the moon that evening to have been in an unusually low declination, causing it to rise southeast of the *Somerset's* position in the harbor. On most other evenings, the nearly full moon would have risen more directly east of the ship, and Revere in his rowboat would have been easily visible to the British on board, and most likely captured. Thanks to this unusual lunar phase, Revere landed in Charlestown undetected, borrowed a horse, and rode to Lexington in time to warn Samuel Adams and John Hancock of the British approach.

New Twain Museum in Hannibal

Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), better known as Mark Twain, spent much of his youth (1838-53) in the Mississippi River community of Hannibal, Missouri, the town that inspired or served as the setting for such works as *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, *The Innocents Abroad*, *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, and *Pud'nhead Wilson*. Today the Mark Twain Home Foundation—a nonprofit fund-raising body—and the Mark Twain Home Board—a city entity—are in the midst of a ten-year multi-phase project that already has seen the author's boyhood home restored. Now under way is a campaign to raise \$1.25 million to restore the nearby Sonnenberg Building, a two-story structure built in 1873 that will house a new museum dedicated to Hannibal's most famous son.

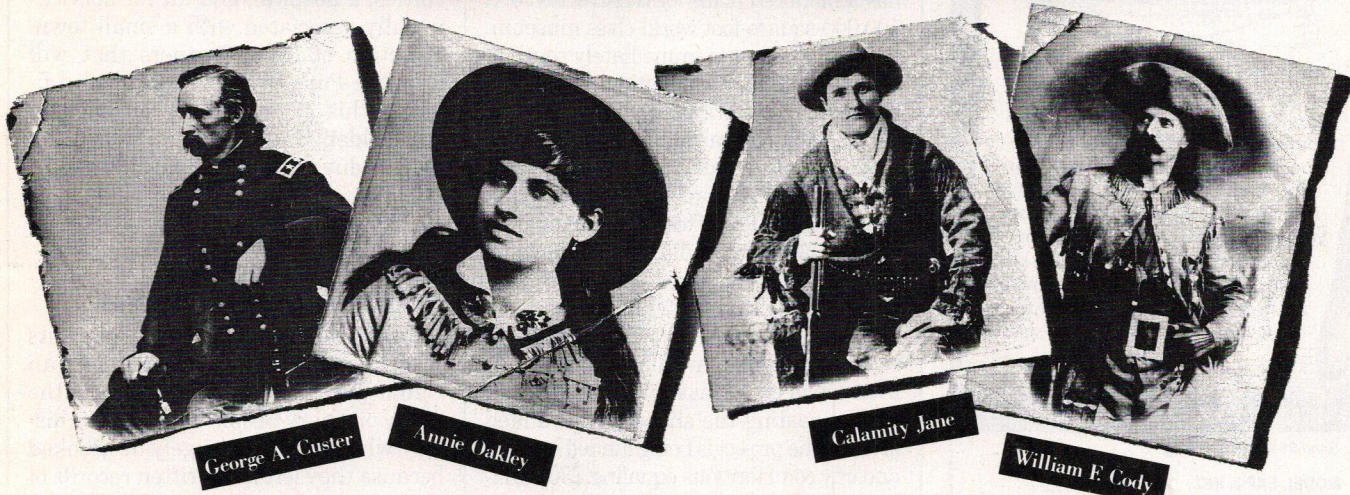


The eighteen-thousand-square-foot facility will replace the current museum, which has been able to display only a small portion of its Twain-related artifacts in the space available. Museum officials anticipate completion of the project in 1994.

The city also has undertaken a flood-control system to protect the historic riverfront buildings and plans to renovate the core area around the boyhood home and museum to make twentieth-century buildings compatible with the restored structures.

For more information contact the

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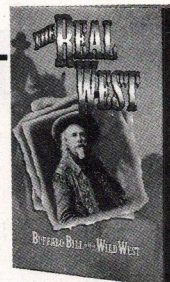
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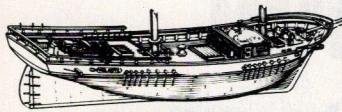
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Mark Twain Home and Museum, 208 Hill Street, Hannibal, Missouri 63401; 314-221-9010.

Washington to Get New State History Museum

The Washington State Historical Society, a nonprofit state agency chartered in 1891, has announced plans for construction of a 100,000-square-foot world-class museum. Located in Tacoma immediately south of the renovated Union Station—a turn-of-the-century historic landmark that now serves as a federal judicial facility—the museum will include a 22,000-square-foot permanent exhibit on Washington history; 10,000 square feet of temporary exhibition space; a 226-seat auditorium; education, classroom, and resource facilities; conservation and exhibit preparation areas; and a café and gift shop. The new building, designed by noted architect Charles W. Moore, will echo Union Station's architecture, repeating the shape of its vaulted arches. The project is being funded by state and city contributions equaling \$30.8 million in land donations and building funds, leaving a total of \$5 million for exhibit design to be raised from private donors. Completion is expected by 1996.

Park Service Plans Presidio's Future

By September 1995 the U.S. Army must complete its departure, announced in 1989, from the Presidio overlooking San Francisco Bay. In the interim, the National Park Service, which will assume complete responsibility for the spectacular and varied site, is studying possible uses for the post as well as ways to offset the financial burden it imposes on the park system. (Capital expenses aside, the annual cost of maintaining the Presidio will equal the budgets allotted for several of the Park Service's largest and most visited parks.) The Presidio, according to the information presented in a *Call for Interest* sent last year to more than five thousand potential tenant-organizations worldwide, "will be a national park unlike any other. With its historic buildings and stunning setting, the Presidio presents an extraordinary opportunity for educators, scientists, environmental organizations, community leaders, and businesses from around the world to host programs of national distinction."

The peninsula on which the Presidio sits was first used as a military base when the Spanish built a small fort

there in 1776. Mexican occupation followed, with the Americans establishing a base at the site in 1847. Today the Presidio's 1,480 acres include more than eight hundred buildings, half of which are of historical significance; a National Cemetery; an old airfield; the last free-flowing stream in San Francisco; a military museum; an important ecological reserve; numerous recreational facilities; a hospital; and all the services usually associated with a small town. Selection of Park Partners that will help the Park Service manage and finance this extraordinary addition to the Golden Gate National Recreation Area is due to begin later in 1993.

Irish Immigrant Archaeological Project

Laborers such as the Irish immigrants who built the Illinois and Michigan Canal during 1836-48 are among the many ordinary people in American history who have been largely overlooked because they left few written records of their day-to-day existence. Dr. Charles E. Orser, Jr. and historical archaeologists at the Midwestern Archaeological Research Center at Illinois State University in Normal are seeking to expand what is known about the lives of the Irish canal builders by uncovering one of the shantytowns they occupied along the ninety-six-mile canal that linked Lake Michigan and the Illinois River and provided a navigable water route to the Mississippi.

The scant documentary records, the transitory nature of the workers' communities in which buildings were not meant to last, and succeeding industrial and urban occupation layers in the sprawling Chicago area rendered the selection of an excavation site a difficult task. One probable site has been identified, and archaeologists soon will begin excavating there in the hope they will be able to piece together a clearer image of what workers ate, what kind of household goods they possessed, and how their houses were constructed.

Corpus Christi Gets Historic Aircraft Carrier

The city of Corpus Christi, Texas last year successfully bested competing bids from Quincy, Massachusetts and Mobile, Alabama for custody of the USS *Lexington*, a World War II aircraft carrier and one of the most decorated ships in American naval history. Now the centerpiece of what is dubbed

"The Lady Lex Museum on the Bay," the venerable warship—along with aircraft provided by the National Museum of Naval Aviation in Pensacola, Florida—is open to the public as a floating naval museum.

Commissioned in September 1942 and launched five months later, the *Essex*-class *Lexington* served the United States until her decommissioning in November 1991, longer than any other carrier in U.S. naval history. During World War II the *Lexington* was reported sunk on four occasions, but always returned to the fight, leading Japanese propagandist "Tokyo Rose" to nickname the vessel the "Blue Ghost." Since 1962 the *Lexington* had served as a training ship for aviation cadets in Pensacola.

For more information contact the Lady Lex Museum on the Bay, P.O. Box 23076, Corpus Christi, Texas 78403-3076; 512-887-3458.

Audubon's America Project Launched

The National Audubon Society, the Environmental Protection Agency's Wetlands Division, and other co-sponsors have launched *Audubon's America*, a cooperative project designed to commemorate the great naturalist and artist, John James Audubon (1785-1851), and "use his work as an inspiration to influence the future use of our natural and cultural resources." The project's ultimate goal is to develop a system of natural areas in the thirty-four-state region visited by Audubon during the first half of the nineteenth century.

Born in what is now Haiti and raised in France, Audubon came to America as an eighteen-year-old to manage his father's Pennsylvania estate. During the next forty-seven years, Audubon traveled throughout the northeastern and southern United States, and journeyed up the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi rivers observing and documenting in words and pictures the flora, fauna, and people he encountered along the way. Organizers hope that by making the writings and magnificent artworks of Audubon and his fellow naturalists familiar to the American public, it will better appreciate, and thus seek to preserve, the wetlands and other natural areas that survive.

For more information contact the Wetlands Division, U.S. Environmental Protection Agency (A-104F), 401 M Street S.W., Washington, D.C. 20460, 800-832-7828. ★

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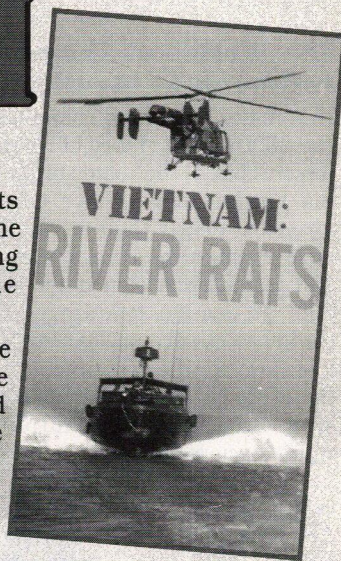
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American Gallery

A Mohawk Iroquois Village

A sixty-foot-long reconstruction of a seventeenth-century Mohawk Iroquois long house is the highlight of a new permanent addition to the Native Peoples Hall at the New York State Museum in Albany. The bark-covered sapling-framed long house—created with the aid of state-of-the-art technology and extensive ethnohistoric and archaeological research—is inhabited by nineteen lifelike figures modeled from historic photographs and contemporary Mohawk children and adults. Visitors hear a clan mother recount ancient tales or valued lessons on Iroquois life, as well as conversations among the assembled household members that reveal information about the social relationships and responsibilities of people living in the long house. The exhibit also features a detailed one-eighth-inch-to-the-foot scale model of an Iroquois village under construction and associated artifacts. For more information telephone 518-474-5877.

The Worlds of Thomas Jefferson at Monticello

In a major exhibition commemorating the 250th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birth, the rooms of Monticello, his Virginia home, have been transformed to nearly their original appearance through the return of more than 150 items once owned by Jefferson. Sold at auction following his death, these objects are on loan to Monticello—many for the first time—from more than fifty public and private collections around the country. The furniture, artworks, scientific and musical instruments, books, maps, Native American artifacts, natural history specimens, and personal effects reflect the third U.S.

president's varied interests and talents as a historian, statesman, practical philosopher, and neoclassicist, as well as his life as a family member, Virginia planter, and slave owner. The collection includes objects designed by Jefferson himself, including his famous lap desk and revolving Windsor chair; items gathered during the 1804-06 Lewis and Clark expedition, including a Mandan buffalo robe and Crow cradle; rare examples of furniture made in the Monticello joinery by slave craftsmen; and paintings of "American worthies" such as George Washington and John Adams by such American artists as John Trumbull, Mather Brown, and Benjamin West. Opening April 13—the anniversary of Jefferson's 1743 birth date—the nine-month exhibition continues through December 31. A 464-page illustrated catalogue is available. For more information telephone 804-293-2158.

Paradise Found, Paradise Lost?: Conflicting Visions of the American West

Marking the one-hundredth anniversary of Frederick Jackson Turner's provocative 1893 essay, "The Significance of the Frontier in American History," in which the historian argued that the frontier experience had a lasting effect on the American character, an exhibition at the Huntington Museum in San Marino, California examines the changing perceptions of the American West since the early 1800s. Continuing until April 20, the display focuses on some of the dynamic tensions that have shaped the contemporary West—particularly the continuing struggle to accommodate the dreams, fears, and desires of both natives and newcomers. The exhibit features published travel accounts and promotional materials from the early nineteenth century through the 1920s; letters and di-

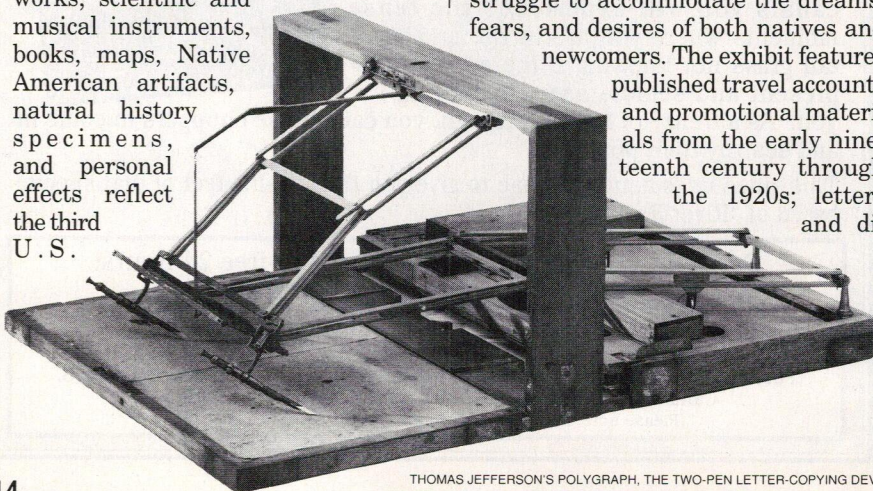
aries; photographs; drawings; and such significant works as an early edition of Patrick Gass's *Journal of the Voyages and Travels of a Corps of Discovery Under the Command of Captains Lewis and Clarke and Major Stephen H. Long's Account of an Expedition . . . to the Rocky Mountains in 1819-1820*, with the first published views of the mountain range. For more information telephone 818-405-2100.

Discovered Lands, Invented Pasts: Transforming Visions of the American Past

More than eighty landscapes, Native American portraits, ethnographic scenes, animal studies, and history paintings by forty-six nineteenth-century artists are on view at the Gilcrease Museum in Tulsa, Oklahoma until April 11 in an exhibition that investigates the physical processes of discovering the land and the artistic processes of constructing its imagery. Three interwoven themes—discovery, erasure, and invention—run throughout the exhibition. Artists recorded the unfamiliar landscapes, plants, animals, and human cultures that they saw and then communicated their discoveries. Whether deliberately or accidentally, these pictorial chroniclers often "erased" landscapes, people, or facts that did not conform with their artistic vision; and artists who never left their eastern studios nonetheless invented images purported to represent the West as it really was. Among the artists included are Paul Kane (1810-1871), Seth Eastman (1808-1931), William Tylee Ranney (1813-1857), Albert Bierstadt (1830-1902), and John James Audubon (1785-1851). For more information telephone 918-582-3122.

Reporting the War: Civil War Newspaper Illustrations

Sixty illustrations from the pages of Civil War-issues of *Harper's Weekly*, *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and other period publications that helped to render the naval war more immediate to the American public are on view at the Navy Museum in Wash-



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ington, D.C. through June. Featured in the exhibition are works by such artists as Alfred R. Waud and Theodore Davis depicting naval engagements, warships, and technology. Also on display are tools used by the artists in the field and by the craftsmen who transformed the rough field sketches into finished engravings. For more information telephone 202-433-4882.

Common Ground: Philadelphia's Neighborhoods

More than one hundred distinct zones—each with a unique name, size, shape, and character—give Philadelphia the nickname "City of Neighborhoods." In an exhibition that continues through May 1, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania uses photographs, artifacts, maps, and documents to examine the evolution of Philadelphia's neighborhoods; the ways in which residents work together to maintain and renew them; and the dynamics of community life. Focusing particularly on the twentieth century, the exhibit includes four sections: "Neighborhoods Take Shape" illustrates the formation of early neighborhoods that grew up around industrial hubs or from residential development; "Neighborhoods in Transition" demonstrates how change can result from internal struggles or ethnic succession; "Outside Forces" describes change imposed by government; and "Neighbors Together" celebrates the ways Philadelphians cooperate to protect and improve the quality of community life. Public programs are scheduled in connection with the exhibition. For more information telephone 215-732-6200.

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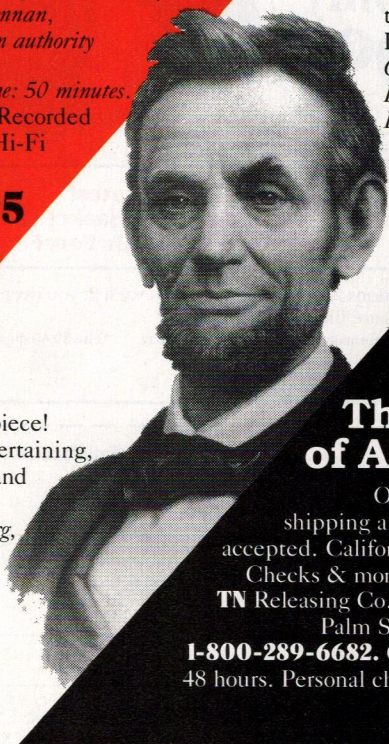
A major new multimedia exhibition at the Henry Ford Museum in Dearborn, Michigan explores the roots of America's industrial might and reveals how profoundly manufacturing affects American life at home and at work. The 50,000-square-foot permanent installation incorporates three theme areas: "Making Things" offers a historical "plant tour" of key American industries; "Making Power" illustrates the tradeoffs inherent in every power system; and "Making Choices" raises issues that focus visitors' attention on their own roles in a complex industrial society. Highlights of the 1,500-artifact display include a circa-1750 New-

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Produced & Directed by Gary L. Beebe. Written by William Hanchett.

comen engine (the oldest intact steam engine in the world); an entire 1890s shoe shop; an overhead conveyor carrying a continuous parade of American-made products; and a 1990 industrial tractor-painting robot. For more information telephone 313-271-1620.

The Paintings of George Bellows

Until May 9 the Amon Carter Museum in Fort Worth, Texas displays sixty paintings by Ohio-born George Bellows (1882-1925), who perhaps more than any other artist of his generation captured the vitality of American life



at the turn of the century. Best known for his boxing scenes, Bellows, who painted in a vigorous and powerful style, also portrayed a wide range of subjects that included landscapes and seascapes; portraits of friends and family; and newsworthy contemporary events. Although he died at the relatively young age of forty-two, Bellows left a considerable body of work and was well-regarded by other artists of his day. A second exhibit—"Bellows' New York"—presents approximately thirty-five photographs, drawings, and prints executed between 1904, when Bellows moved to New York, and his death. For more information telephone 817-738-1933.

Receiving the Faith: The Shakers of Canterbury, New Hampshire

The Museum of Our National Heritage in Lexington, Massachusetts marks the bicentennial of the Shaker community of Canterbury, New Hamp-

shire (since 1969 a living history museum) with an exhibition that uses Shaker decorative arts to explore the lifestyle and religious concepts of this alternative American culture. The Shakers, led by Ann Lee, migrated to America in 1774, eventually establishing more than a dozen communities whose members were guided by a belief in celibacy, pacifism, the notion that love of God and the integrity of work are intertwined, and (unlike some other traditional religious communities) the need to adapt to advances in modern society. The three hundred artifacts on display—all made or used at Canterbury—are here combined with biographies of community members to acquaint viewers with some of the innovators, inventors, radical thinkers, and feminists that made up the Canterbury Shaker society. The exhibit continues until May 16. For more information telephone 617-861-6559.

At Home in the Heartland

A long-term exhibition at the Illinois State Museum in Springfield focuses on the history of family life in that region. The interactive exhibit acquaints visitors with a wide variety of choices—such as where to live and work, whom to marry, how to provide for children, and how to furnish a home—that regularly have confronted Illinois residents since the eighteenth-century arrival of the French in the area; the motivations and consequences associated with those choices; and the values people place on objects. Items in the exhibition appear in settings suggestive of an eighteenth-century auction, a prairie log cabin, a Victorian parlor, a 1900 department store window, a 1940s kitchen, and a 1990 teen-ager's room. For more information telephone 217-782-7386.

Pilothouse Exhibition

The forty-ton, thirty-foot-square fully functional pilothouse from the Great Lakes iron ore carrier SS *William Clay Ford* comprises a permanent exhibit at the Dossin Great Lakes Museum on Belle Isle in Detroit. The pilothouse now sits on a special foundation that extends over the Detroit River, offering a view of passing river traffic and the illusion of actually navigating the busy waterway. The exhibit, co-sponsored by the Great Lakes Maritime Institute, teaches visitors to identify the

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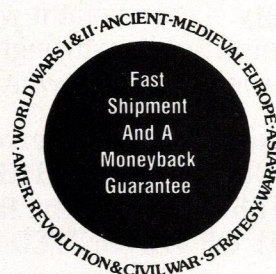
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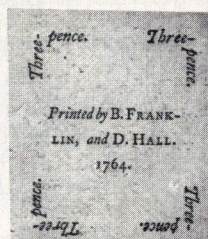


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working navigational equipment and tells the story of the *Ford's* unsuccessful attempt to rescue the crew of the ill-fated *Edmund Fitzgerald*, which went down with all hands on Lake Superior in 1975. For more information telephone 313-267-6440.

**The Arts and Crafts
Movement in California:
Living the Good Life**

Organized by the Oakland Museum, this exhibition presents 232 works fashioned by California artisans, companies, and studios as part of the British-born Arts and Crafts movement between the mid-1890s and the Great Depression. The movement, which fostered individual creativity by elevating the status of the production process to what has been called "the union of hand, head and heart in handicraft," reached its American zenith in the still-uncluttered Golden State. Influenced by this special bond with nature that California afforded them, practitioners of the movement developed a vernacular style that incorporated the state's natural abundance, mild climate, and vivid Mediterranean colors. Objects on view include furniture, copper-work, small art pieces, and illuminations. The complete exhibit can be seen in the Great Hall until May 23, after which a selected portion will move to the museum's Art Special Gallery. Showings also are planned for Washington, D.C. and Cincinnati. For more information telephone 510-238-3401.

**Encounters and Exchanges:
The Delaware Valley
in the Age of Exploration**

The Philadelphia Maritime Museum marks the quincentenary of Christopher Columbus's first voyage of discovery with an exhibition running through May that re-examines early European exploration of the Delaware River and European encounters with the local indigenous peoples. The exhibit spans the years from 1609—when Henry Hudson (d. 1611), an Englishman sailing in the service of the Netherlands aboard the *Half Moon*, became the first European to visit Delaware Bay—to the 1682 arrival of William Penn on the *Welcome* to begin his "Holy Experiment" in Pennsylvania. Tracing the early commercial links established between Europe and this region, the display emphasizes the

role of the waterways, showing how maritime activities laid the foundation for the Delaware Valley's growth and development. For more information telephone 215-925-5439.

Visions of the People: A Pictorial History of Plains Indian Life

Stressing the relationship between art and philosophy in the Plains Indian way of life, an exhibit at the St. Louis Art Museum through April 18 shows how that culture has changed dramatically during the past three hundred years. Spread across an area that today includes thirteen states and three Canadian provinces, the Plains Indian groups relied on pictures and a strong oral tradition to record historical events, establish status, preserve tribal traditions, and express religious beliefs. Objects in the show illustrate six themes—myths of creation; daily life; spiritual life; hunting and agriculture; warfare; and changes in Plains life and art since the period of military confinement and reservations. An illustrated catalogue and public programs complement the exhibit, which was organized by the Minneapolis Institute of the Arts. The show will travel to Omaha, Nebraska. For more information telephone 612-870-3000.

Republic P-47D

The first in a series of "Air Power in World War II" exhibitions at the National Air and Space Museum in Washington, D.C. features a Republic P-47D Thunderbolt, one of the "workhorses" of American wartime aviation. Historic photographs and videotape of P-47 operations during the war complement the plane itself, which is painted in the black-and-white striped scheme of the 8th Air Force's 350th Fighter Squadron, 353rd Fighter Group based in Raydon, England, as it would have looked around the time of the Normandy campaign in 1944. Designed as a high-altitude "pursuit" or fighter aircraft, the airplane eventually was pressed into service in other roles, such as escorting Allied bombers and attacking ground targets. At least a few P-47s served in every theater of the war with air forces as diverse as those of the Free French, the Soviets, the Brazilians, and the Mexicans. The P-47D will be on display until May. For more information telephone 202-357-2700. ★

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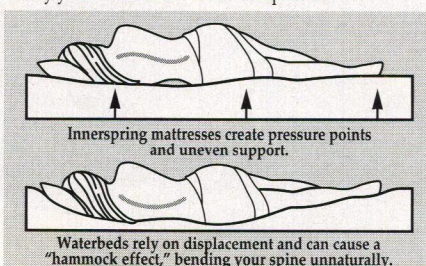
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By Ira Flatow (HarperCollins Publishers, New York City, 1992; 240 pages, illustrated, \$20.00).

Encyclopedia of Western Lawmen & Outlaws

The term "Wild West," crime historian Jay Robert Nash notes in the introduction to this biographical encyclopedia, is not "a term of hindsight." The American West in the second half of the nineteenth century was "a place of unspeakable hardships and dangers," not the least of which were gunslingers, bandits, train robbers, and gamblers whose exploits—both fictional and real—have become part of the nation's folklore. Nash has assembled biographies of more than five hundred of these miscreants and the lawmen who stood up against them. Along with such legendary characters as Frank and Jesse James, Butch Cas-

sidy, "Calamity Jane," "Wild Bill" Hickok, and Wyatt Earp, this reference work provides information on the lives of many lesser-known figures passed over by popular imagination.

Compiled by Jay Robert Nash (Paragon House, New York City, 1992; 571 pages, illustrated, \$49.95).

Washington, D.C.: A Smithsonian Book of the Nation's Capital

This tribute to the nation's capital city combines eighteen essays on the history, architecture, and cultural attractions of Washington, D.C. with a lavish assortment of historic and contemporary illustrations and photographs that reveal its numerous facets. Divided into four sections, the book examines Washington as "a sleepy Southern town," a center of government, a cultural mecca, and a city of varied, vibrant neighborhoods that are home to real people.

(Smithsonian Books, Washington, D.C., 1992; 240 pages, illustrated, \$39.95).

American Gothic: The Story of America's Legendary Theatrical Family—Junius, Edwin, and John Wilkes Booth

This work by historian Gene Smith tells the dramatic, tumultuous, and

tragic story of one of America's pre-eminent theatrical families. Junius Booth (1796-1852)—known as the "Mad Tragedian" because of his fierce dramatic style, his wild drinking habits, and his unpredictable seizures, spells, pranks, and illusions—was one of the greatest actors of his day and the father of two sons who followed in his footsteps as critically acclaimed thespians. The elder of the two, Edwin Thomas Booth (1833-1893), surpassed his father's reputation as a tragedian and appeared as Hamlet on the New York stage for more than one hundred performances. John Wilkes Booth (1838-1865), the handsome younger son and Southern sympathizer, cast himself in his family's most famous and tragic role as the 1865 assassin of Abraham Lincoln in Washington, D.C.'s Ford's Theater.

By Gene Smith (Simon & Schuster, New York City, 1992; 286 pages, illustrated, \$23.00).

Leslie's Illustrated Civil War

In his introduction to this facsimile edition of the 1894 publication *The Soldier in Our Civil War*, John E. Stanchak notes that it was intended to be "not so much a history of the war as . . . a nostalgic work, which reminded Union veterans or the widows and grown children of veterans what *their* war had been about." Nonetheless, the more than 250 images, which first appeared in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* between 1861 and 1865, offer a valuable record of the panoramas, battle tactics, uniforms, and personages of the conflict, just as they once provided a sense of immediacy to written accounts of the war's progress anxiously read by those left at home.

Introduction by John E. Stanchak (University Press of Mississippi, Jackson, 1992; 270 pages, illustrated, \$50.00).

The Spanish Frontier in North America

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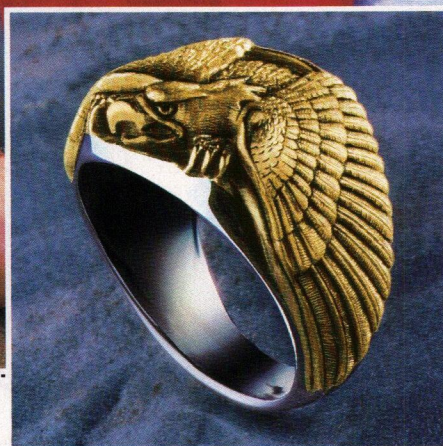
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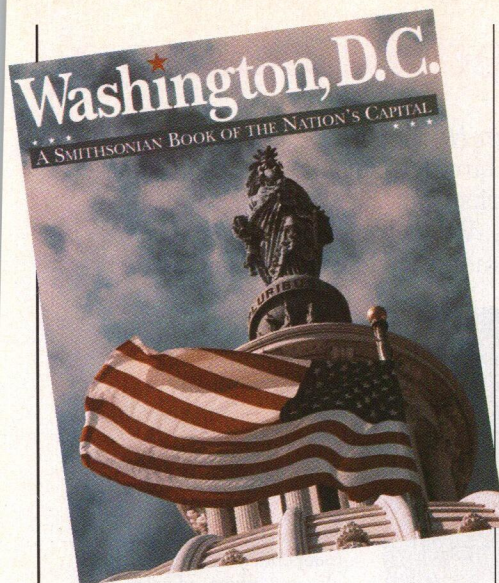
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Spain's impact on the lives, institutions, and environments of native peoples of North America, and the impact of North America on the lives and institutions of those Spaniards who explored and settled what has now become the United States." Neither glorifying nor vilifying the Spanish missionaries, soldiers, and traders who flocked to the New World, Weber seeks to give equal importance to Native Americans and Spaniards in their shared history and to examine the colonizers in the context of their times as they built towns and fortifications; established a system of missions to convert Native Americans to Christianity; changed the ecology of the region by introducing new plants and animals; brought European diseases that killed thousands of indigenous peoples; and interacted with their French and English rivals.

By David J. Weber (Yale University Press, New Haven, Connecticut, 1992; 579 pages, illustrated, \$35.00).

The Salem Witch Crisis

The witchcraft trials that resulted in the arrest of more than one hundred and fifty people, the conviction of twenty-eight, and the hanging of nineteen as witches in Massachusetts' Salem Village in 1692 [see March/April 1992 issue] has spawned numerous studies seeking to demonstrate underlying societal causes for the tragic mass hysteria. In this book, Larry Gragg—who believes "that history is first and foremost a good story"—presents a readable synthesis of modern scholarship on the Salem witch trials in which he attempts to "show that the best way to appreciate

the unique experience of Salem Village is to explore the particular decisions made by the individuals involved and their consequences." Rather than seeing the participants as helpless victims swept along by powerful economic, social, and psychological forces, Gragg asserts that all—clergymen, judges, accusers, and accused—were active participants who made individual decisions that shaped the outcome of events.

By Larry Gragg (Praeger Publishers, New York City, 1992; 228 pages, \$45.00).

Hard Marching Every Day: The Civil War Letters of Private Wilbur Fisk 1861-1865

Between December 11, 1861 and July 26, 1865 Wilbur Fisk (1839-1914), a private with the Second Vermont Volunteers, penned nearly one hundred letters to the *Green Mountain Freeman*, a Montpelier newspaper, eloquently describing the hardships of life in the Army of the Potomac and opining on the moral and political issues behind the Civil War. The letters, edited by Emil and Ruth Rosenblatt, are here presented along with three speeches delivered by Fisk in the 1890s, in which he reflected upon his wartime experiences. A largely self-educated rural school teacher who eventually became a Congregational preacher, Fisk wrote his letters under the pseudonym "Anti-Rebel." Unlike professional newspaper correspondents, Fisk had no access to high-ranking officers. Instead, he wrote of life as one of the foot soldiers who slept in the mud and obeyed orders no matter how incomprehensible.

Edited by Emil and Ruth Rosenblatt (University Press of Kansas, Lawrence, 1992; 233 pages, \$25.00).

Preacher: Billy Sunday and Big-Time American Evangelism

In 1891, five years after visiting a Chicago mission and experiencing a profound religious conversion, Iowa-born William Ashley (Billy) Sunday (1862-1935) retired from professional baseball to devote himself exclusively to "God's work." Historian Roger A. Bruns here details the life of the fire-and-brimstone preacher who for more than forty years traveled the country, almost literally taking America by

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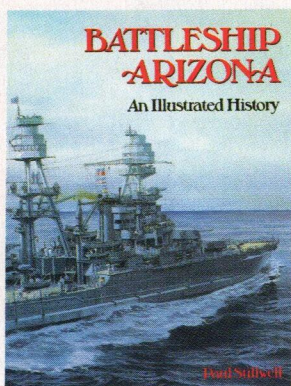
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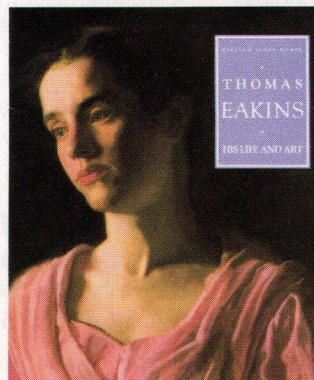
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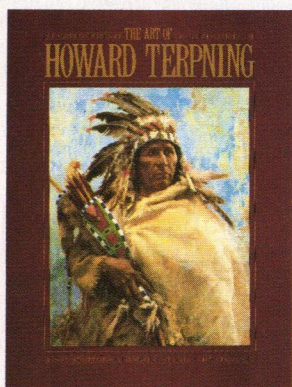
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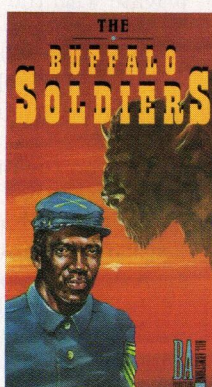
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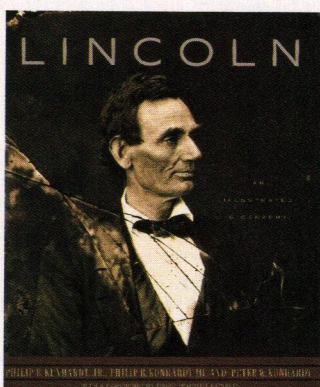
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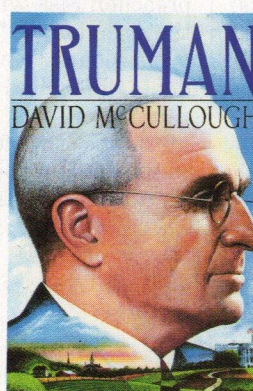
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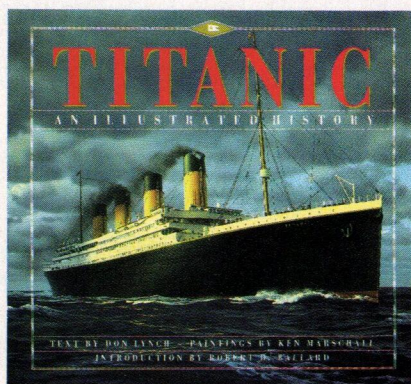
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By Roger A. Bruns (W. W. Norton & Company, New York City and London, 1992; 351 pages, illustrated, \$22.95).

Mark Twain: Collected Tales, Sketches, Speeches, & Essays

This two-volume anthology of Mark Twain's short writings brings together 271 stories, sketches, burlesques, hoaxes, tall tales, speeches, satires, and maxims that graphically demonstrate the noted American humorist's literary evolution across the six decades of his career. Included in the first volume, which covers the years 1852-1890, are Twain's observations about the beginning of the Civil War in Missouri; the frenzied opening of the West; and the corruption, avarice, and ambition of the Reconstruction era. During his last twenty years that are covered in the second volume, Twain wrote with his unerring sense of the absurd about such topics as U.S. military involvement in Cuba, China, and the Philippines; the notorious Dreyfus case; vivisection; and his increasingly unorthodox religious views. Each volume offers an extensive chronology of Twain's life for the period covered; helpful notes on the people and events referred to in his works; and the publishing history of each piece.

By Mark Twain (Library of America, New York City, 1992; Volume 1, 1076 pages; Volume 2, 1,050 pages; \$35.00 each).

Anne Morrow Lindbergh: A Gift for Life

Daughter of a prominent financier and diplomat; wife of one of the nation's most celebrated aviators; mother forced to bear the kidnapping and murder of her first child; pioneer aviatrix; and successful writer—Anne Morrow Lindbergh (1906-) has led a life marked both by notable achievements and bitter tragedy. In this biography Dorothy Herrmann explores Lindbergh's complex personality and remarkable career as she searched for her own identity and struggled to balance the competing demands imposed

by her roles as wife, mother, and artist. A product of a sheltered and privileged upbringing, Anne Morrow married Charles A. Lindbergh (1902-74)—foremost hero of her generation following his 1927 solo flight from New York to Paris—in 1929, and a year later gave birth to their first child, Charles, Jr., who at age twenty months was abducted from his nursery and killed. Making use of her subject's extensive autobiographical writings; the papers and reminiscences of the Lindberghs' friends and acquaintances; official records relating to the kidnapping case; and the voluminous material available on Charles Lindbergh, Herrmann traces Anne's life through the traumatic loss of her child; the ensuing years of the Lindberghs' self-imposed exile; the bitter controversy concerning her husband's opposition to American involvement in World War II; and the postwar years that saw completion of such enduring literary works as her *Gift From the Sea*, published in 1955.

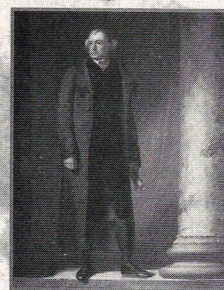
By Dorothy Herrmann (Ticknor & Fields, New York City, 1992; 382 pages, illustrated, \$24.95).

Titanic: An Illustrated History

With text by historian Don Lynch, more than forty remarkable paintings by Ken Marshall, and hundreds of archival photographs and artworks, this lavish history of the White Star Line's *Titanic*—the luxury liner that has captured the public imagination since its 1912 sinking with the loss of more than 1,500 lives—covers every aspect of the ill-fated vessel's story from her construction in Belfast, Scotland to her 1986 discovery in the depths of the North Atlantic. Photographs of fittings and fixtures from the *Titanic*'s nearly identical sister ship, the *Olympic*, reveal the Edwardian splendor of the liners' interiors, while Lynch provides new information about many of the approximately 2,200 passengers and crew members aboard when the *Titanic* struck an iceberg during her maiden voyage between Southampton, England and New York City. Fascinating special features discuss issues ranging from the fate of the dogs on board to the controversy surrounding Captain Stanley Lord, whose ship, the *Californian*, failed to come to the sinking *Titanic*'s rescue.

Text by Don Lynch and paintings by Ken Marshall (Hyperion, New York City, 1992; 228 pages, illustrated, \$60.00). ★

THE EYE OF THOMAS JEFFERSON



William Howard Adams
Editor



On the occasion of the 250th anniversary of Thomas Jefferson's birth, *The Eye of Thomas Jefferson* is available once again. This exhibition catalog brings together artifacts from Jefferson's world including paintings, sculptures, furniture, and silver, along with reflections of Jefferson's architectural interests and achievements. 456 pages, 600 illustrations, \$44.95

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AMERICAN PROFILES

As the Founding Father most strongly committed to the "holy cause of Freedom," Thomas Jefferson played a pivotal role in shaping the destiny of the American republic.

Apostle of Republican Liberty

by Eugene R. Sheridan

In April we fittingly celebrate the 250th anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson, the foremost champion of liberty among that fabled group of Founding Fathers who forged the new American nation out of the thirteen widely different colonies that seceded from the British Empire in 1776.

The versatility of Jefferson's genius entitles him to rank as one of the true giants of American history, as even a partial list of his achievements suggests:

As a member of the Continental Congress, he proclaimed in the imperishable prose of the Declaration of Independence the values of liberty, equality, and natural rights that always have been at the heart of the American experiment in self-government.

As a Virginia state legislator, he wrote the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom, which completely separated church and state and declared that religious beliefs were not subject to government control.

As secretary of state during George Washington's first administration he founded what since has become the world's oldest political party, to combat the centralizing policies of his great antagonist Alexander Hamilton.

As John Adams's vice president, he compiled the *Manual of Parliamentary Practice*, which guides the conduct of business in the

As president, he almost doubled the size of the United States through the Louisiana Purchase.

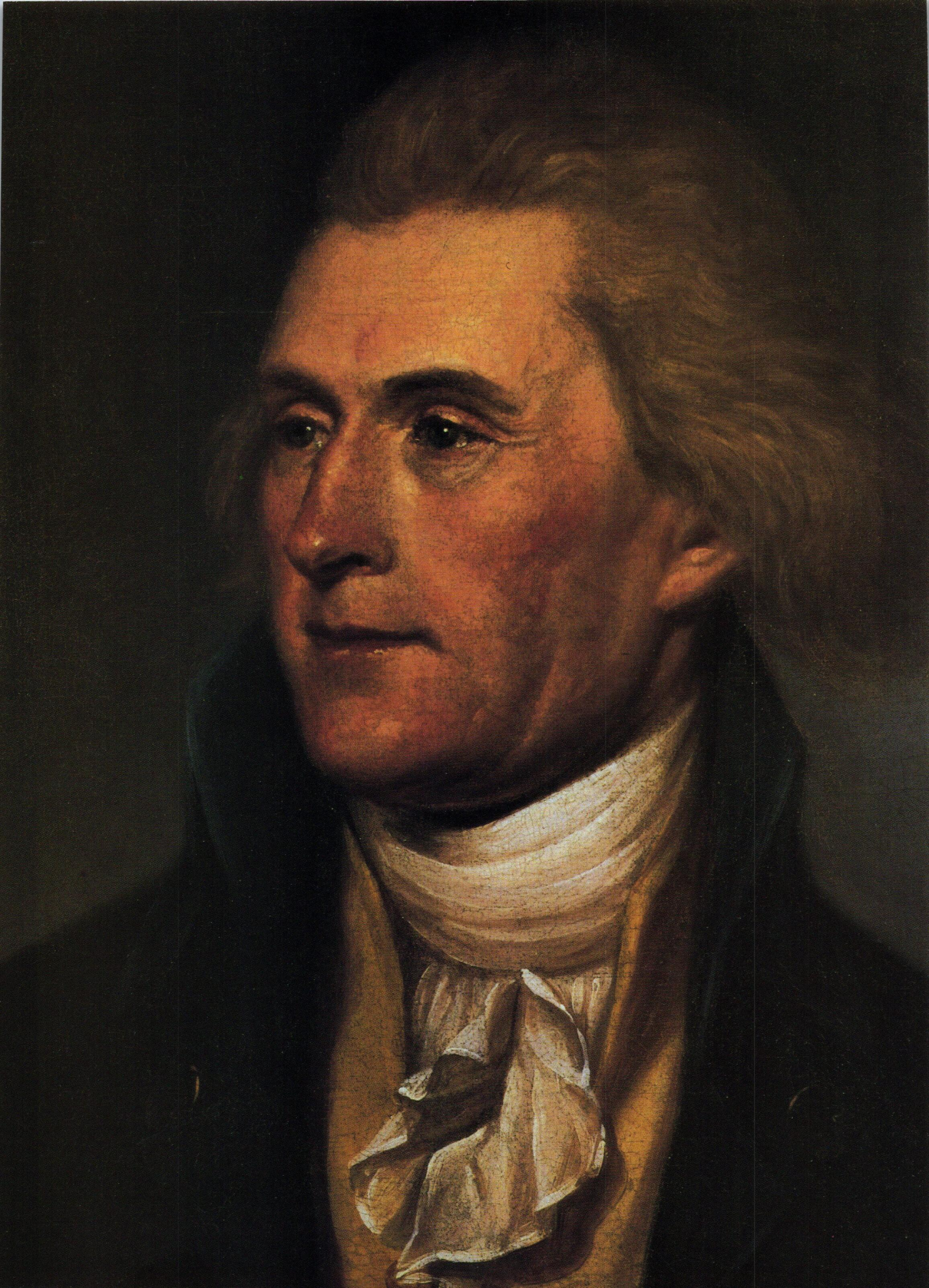
As a man of science, he wrote *Notes on the State of Virginia*, a pioneering work in American natural history; was the first to employ the now common archaeological technique of stratigraphic excavation; and encouraged the earliest American exploration of the vast lands beyond the Mississippi.

As an inventor, he designed an improved moldboard plow; created a pantographic device for duplicating correspondence; and devised a wheel cipher to ensure the security of coded messages (which the United States Army continued to use as late as World War II).

As an architect, he designed his own home—the lovely Palladian villa of Monticello that attracts hundreds of thousands of visitors every year—as well as the University of Virginia, doing much to spark the revival of classical architecture in America.

As an educator, he proposed the first system of public education in Virginia and was the main founder of the University of Virginia.

As a bibliophile, he accumulated a library of almost seven thousand books covering all fields of knowledge and sold it to the federal government to form the nucleus of the Library of Congress, now the greatest single repository of knowledge in the world.



Although Thomas Jefferson justifiably is best remembered today as the principal architect of the Declaration of Independence (the Virginian is depicted at work on the historic document, opposite), he was an indefatigable writer, philosopher, and thinker whose edited letters, private records, and documents alone will fill more than seventy volumes. Among Jefferson's other notable writings are his sole book, "Notes on the State of Virginia," highly regarded as one of the most important scientific and political works by an eighteenth-century American; "A Summary View of the Rights of British America"—a bold statement of American rights written in 1774 preparatory to the first Continental Congress; portions of the Virginia Constitution, penned in 1776 and serving as a model for other state constitutions; and the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom, in its day considered one of his most controversial essays.

the first higher biblical critic in American history, producing *The Philosophy of Jesus* and *The Life and Morals of Jesus*, two private compilations of passages from the four Gospels that, on the basis of rational analysis, he regarded as containing the authentic teachings of Jesus.

As a slave-holder, he was the most prominent Southern leader of his generation to call for the abolition of slavery, though he was unable to free himself from prevailing racial prejudices and accept the possibility of a multiracial society based on amity and equality in the United States.

In light of this record, President John F. Kennedy in 1962 spoke only partly in jest when he hailed a group of visiting Nobel laureates in various fields of study as "the most extraordinary collection of talents that has ever been gathered together at the White House, with the possible exception of when Thomas Jefferson dined alone."

The central theme of Jefferson's incredibly diverse career was his almost religious commitment to the establishment of a republican political and social order in America. For Jefferson republicanism meant more than merely the absence of monarchy and hereditary aristocracy. It was a dynamic constellation of ideas that sought to preserve liberty through the creation of a proper structure of government and the maintenance of the right sort of national character.

Viewing history as a constant struggle between the forces of power and the forces of liberty—in which liberty rarely won the upper hand—Jefferson believed that freedom could only be preserved by limiting the powers of government and making it responsible to the citizenry. In Europe governmental powers had grown at the expense of the liberties of the people. In America Jefferson wanted to limit the powers of government so that republican liberty could flourish.

Jefferson also believed that in the long run the form of government was less important for the survival of a republic than the character of its populace. In common with many other political thinkers of his time, Jefferson thought that a republic could only survive among a people who were independent, frugal, temperate, industrious, jealous of their liberty, and suffused with civic virtue—the willingness to subordinate their private interests to the public good.

In Jefferson's opinion, farmers best exemplified these qualities, and therefore he concluded that preserving an agrarian social order for as long as possible was one of the es-

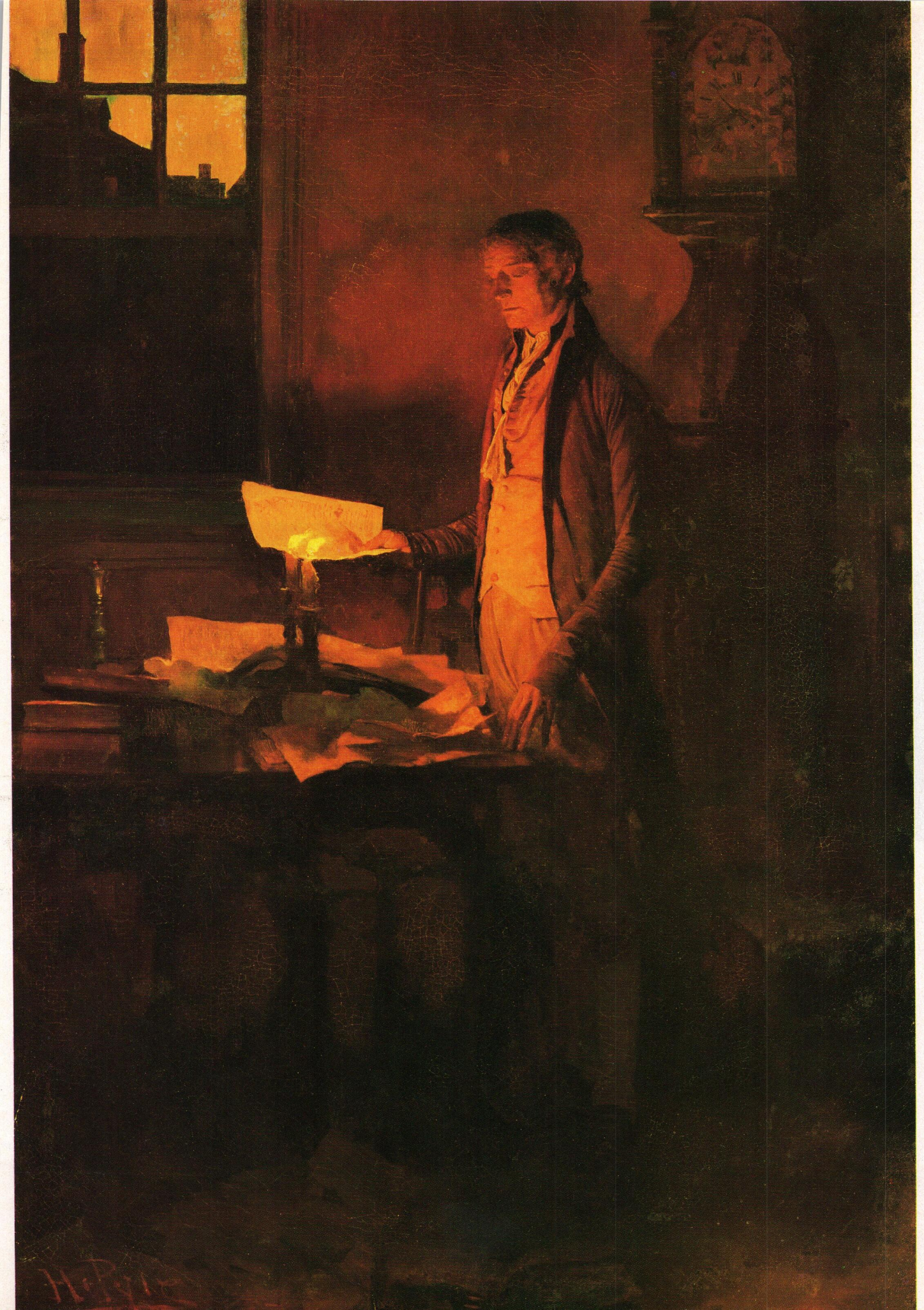
sential preconditions for the survival of republicanism in America. He dreaded the inevitable future rise of large-scale manufacturing and the growth of great cities in the United States because he feared that together they would create large classes of dependent people who would lack the personal freedom he thought necessary for the health of a republic.

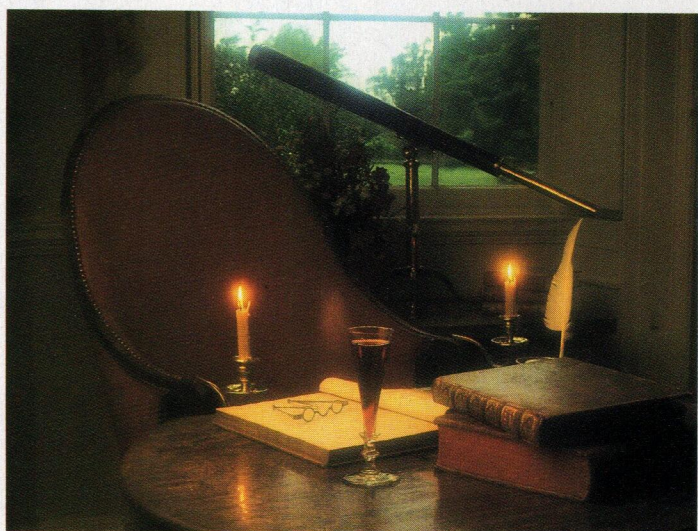
Given these ideas, Jefferson was torn by the tension between his fundamental optimism about the ability of ordinary Americans to govern themselves and his concern about the historic fragility of republics. More than any other Founding Father, Jefferson was confident about the capacity of so-called common people to exercise the art of self-government. But at the same time history taught him that the survival of republics was constantly threatened by changes in the balance between governmental power and popular liberty, the decay of civic virtue among the people, and shifts from agrarian to commercial social orders. Despite his basic optimism about human nature, he frequently was plagued with fears about the multiple dangers besetting the American experiment in republicanism.

There was little in Jefferson's early life to suggest that one day he would emerge as the leading advocate of revolutionary republicanism in America. One of eight children, Jefferson was born to Virginia gentry on April 13, 1743 at Shadwell in Albemarle County, then on the western fringes of colonial settlement. Peter Jefferson, his father, was a self-educated planter and surveyor who served as a local justice of the peace and a member of the House of Burgesses. Before his death in 1757, the elder Jefferson inspired young Thomas with a love of learning that remained unquenched for the rest of his life.

Jane Randolph Jefferson, his mother, was a member of one of the First Families of Virginia. Jefferson seems to have had an unaffected relationship with his mother, who died shortly before he wrote the Declaration of Independence; late in life he made light of her social pretensions.

The Jefferson family's social status enabled young Thomas to enjoy educational opportunities that were denied to most of his contemporaries. He studied with two Anglican ministers, first the Reverend William Douglas and later the Reverend James Maury. Jefferson resided for five years with Douglas, whom he found petty and narrow-minded, but Maury taught him Greek and Latin and instilled in him a lifelong love of





classical learning. Jefferson remained fluent in Greek and Latin throughout his life, and also became proficient in Anglo-Saxon, French, Spanish, and Italian. His knowledge of ancient languages gave him direct access to the annals of classical republicanism, providing him with vivid lessons for his own efforts to create a republican order in America.

Jefferson continued his education at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, the colonial capital of Virginia. During his stay there between 1760 and 1762, William Small, his only lay teacher, exposed him to the world of modern science, thereby beginning a lifetime engagement with what he regarded as one of the strongest engines of human progress in the modern world.

It was also about this time that Jefferson experienced a crisis of religious faith, during which he rejected his ancestral Anglican creed, embraced natural religion, and concluded that religion was a private affair between each person and God. This religious exploration was one of the roots of his later struggle for religious freedom in Virginia and the nation at large.

Upon graduating from college, Jefferson studied law for five years with George Wythe, the most distinguished legal mind in Virginia. He subsequently practiced law from 1767 to 1774, succeeding at the bar through painstaking preparation and deep knowledge of the law—in contrast to his great contemporary, Patrick Henry, who, though possessing great oratorical skill, claimed to have spent but six weeks studying law. Never an effective public speaker, Jefferson relied on the power of his written words to move the minds of men.

With success in his chosen profession, Jefferson on January 1, 1772 married a young widow named Martha Wayles Skelton, who during their ten years together bore him six children, only two of whom—Martha (Patsy) and Mary (Polly)—reached adulthood. Jefferson was devastated when this happy union ended with Martha's death in 1782. Remaining faithful to a deathbed promise to his wife, Jefferson never remarried.*

British efforts to impose stricter imperial controls over the American colonies after the French and Indian War (1757-63) propelled

Jefferson into a political career that was destined to last for forty years and leave a decisive mark on American history. Jefferson viewed postwar British policies as part of a systematic effort to destroy colonial liberties, ultimately leading to the political enslavement of the colonists—a fate that as a slave-holder himself he viewed with particular alarm.

Following in his father's footsteps, Jefferson entered the House of Burgesses in 1769 and soon became one of the leaders of the opposition to British imperialism. He hoped that united resistance by the colonies would force Britain to desist in her efforts to tax Americans without their consent so that they could remain within the Empire. Accordingly, he strongly supported the use of economic coercion against Britain and was one of the creators of the Virginia Committee of Correspondence, which sought to concert opposition among the various colonies to unfavorable British measures.

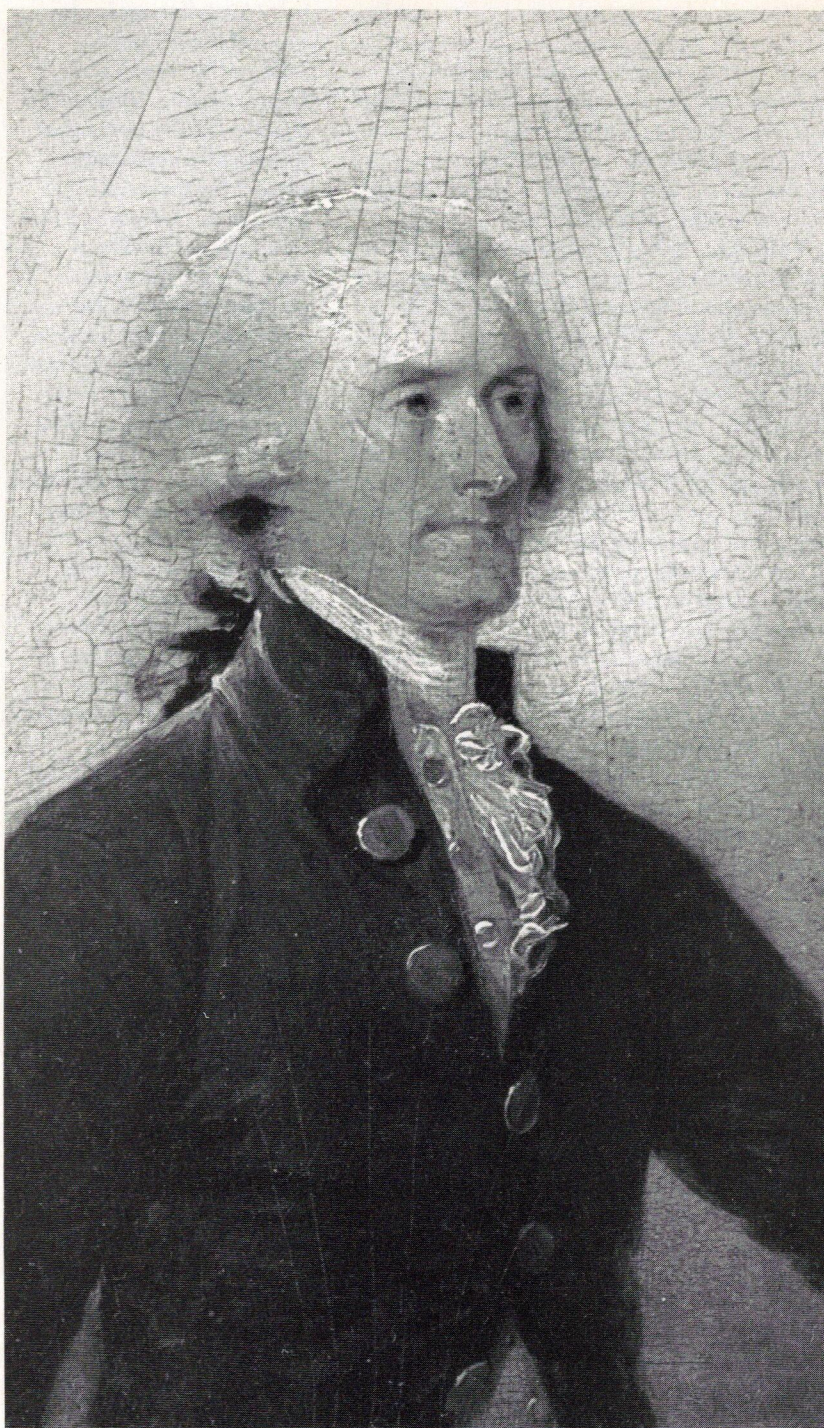
When the imperial crisis entered its final phase in 1774 with the passage of the Coercive Acts by Parliament to punish Massachusetts for its resistance to the Tea Act, Jefferson was at the radical end of the spectrum of American opposition to the British. He joined the movement for a Continental Congress to present a united colonial front to Britain and drew up an analysis of the imperial conflict to guide the Virginia delegates chosen to serve in that august body.

Published in pamphlet form as *A Summary View of the Rights of British America*, Jefferson's analysis denied that Parliament had any authority over the American colonies and argued that they were only bound to Britain by their allegiance to the king. In addition to anticipating the stance that the Continental Congress took toward the mother country in 1774, this eloquently written work solidified Jefferson's reputation as an effective spokesman for the colonial cause and spread his fame beyond the boundaries of Virginia for the first time.

Jefferson's defense of American rights soon elevated him to the national stage. In 1775 he took his place as a Virginia delegate to the Continental Congress, where he gradually abandoned any hope of bringing about a reconciliation with the British and became an advocate of American independence. Al-

In 1769 Jefferson broke ground in his native Albemarle County near Charlottesville, Virginia for Monticello, the home that remained a consuming project for the next fifty-four years and earned him a reputation as one of America's most notable colonial architects. Here Jefferson brought his new wife in 1772; here his six children were born (only two of whom survived to adulthood); here he conducted the scientific and agricultural experiments that placed him at the forefront of advancing technology; and here, ironically, in one of the greatest contradictions of his life, the new nation's chief proponent of freedom ran his great estate through the use of slave labor. Heavily influenced by the architecture he saw while on a five-year sojourn in France in 1784-89, Jefferson subsequently redesigned and reconstructed Monticello during a three-decade process that transformed it from a relatively simple structure to a palatial thirty-five-room white-domed mansion with classical porticoes echoing Roman grandeur—another seeming paradox for the unpretentious champion of the republican democracy and the common man. This year Monticello, restored to approximate its appearance at the time of Jefferson's death and temporarily refurnished with many long-absent Jefferson belongings, serves as the chief focal point of activities commemorating the 250th anniversary of this Founding Father's birth.

*During his ministry to France in the 1780s, Jefferson became infatuated with a married artist by the name of Maria Cosway, who after a time seemed more interested in friendship than romance. During Jefferson's subsequent presidency, political opponents charged that he was involved in a long-standing liaison with one of his slaves, Sally Hemings, who happened to be the mulatto half-sister of his deceased wife. Jefferson denied the allegation, and the weight of the evidence has led most historians to accept his word, though in a matter of this nature verification one way or the other remains unattainable. In any case, these were the only two women with whom, whether rightly or wrongly, Jefferson was thought to be romantically linked after the premature demise of his wife.



By 1788, when artist John Trumbull painted this portrait of Jefferson, the Virginian already was famous as author of the Declaration of Independence and was gaining additional repute for his "Notes on the State of Virginia." A widower since 1782, Jefferson presented this likeness to a beautiful Englishwoman, Maria Cosway, who was introduced to him by Trumbull during Jefferson's five years of diplomatic service in France.

though he took little part in the often-heated debates on the floor of Congress, Jefferson quickly earned the esteem of his colleagues through his effective work on committees, where most of that body's real work was transacted. Above all, he furthered his well-deserved reputation of wielding "a masterly pen."

Thus, when war broke out at Lexington and Concord, Congress not surprisingly turned to Jefferson for a public rationale of the American colonies' decision to resort to arms to defend their liberties. Congress also relied on him to draft a public explanation of its rejection of a British offer to refrain from taxing the colonies if they agreed to pay for certain costs of empire.

Jefferson's most significant contribution to the revolutionary cause was the Declaration of Independence. In June 1776, when it had become clear to Jefferson and most other patriot leaders that continued membership in the British Empire was incompatible with the preservation of American liberties, the Continental Congress appointed Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Robert R. Livingston, and Roger Sherman as a committee to draft a justification for American independence.

At first Jefferson wished to defer to Adams's seniority in the revolutionary movement and allow him the honor of writing this historic document. But the proud Massachusetts leader convinced the Virginian that he should assume this momentous task, citing his greater popularity in Congress and superior writing skills.

The resulting Declaration was at once a stirring defense of the right of revolution, a ringing indictment of the tyranny of George III, and an eloquent statement of national purpose. By proclaiming the equality of all men and their possession of a natural right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, the Declaration defined in perpetually enduring words the fundamental values of the American experiment in republican government. In many respects it was Jefferson's greatest historical achievement; had his career ended then he still would hold an honored place in American history.

With the decision for American independence and the rejection of the hierarchical monarchical order this entailed, Jefferson turned to the task of laying firm foundations for the emerging republican order in the new American nation. To this end, he left the Continental Congress in the fall of 1776 and focused his formidable energies on his native

state of Virginia, where for the next three years he compiled a stunning record of legislative accomplishment as a member of the House of Delegates.

Throughout this period he sought to replace the traditional aristocracy of wealth and ancestry in the state with a natural aristocracy of merit and virtue presiding over an enlightened citizenry. Thus he led the struggle for the abolition of primogeniture and entail, those relics of feudalism that were designed to concentrate landed wealth in the hands of a small elite.

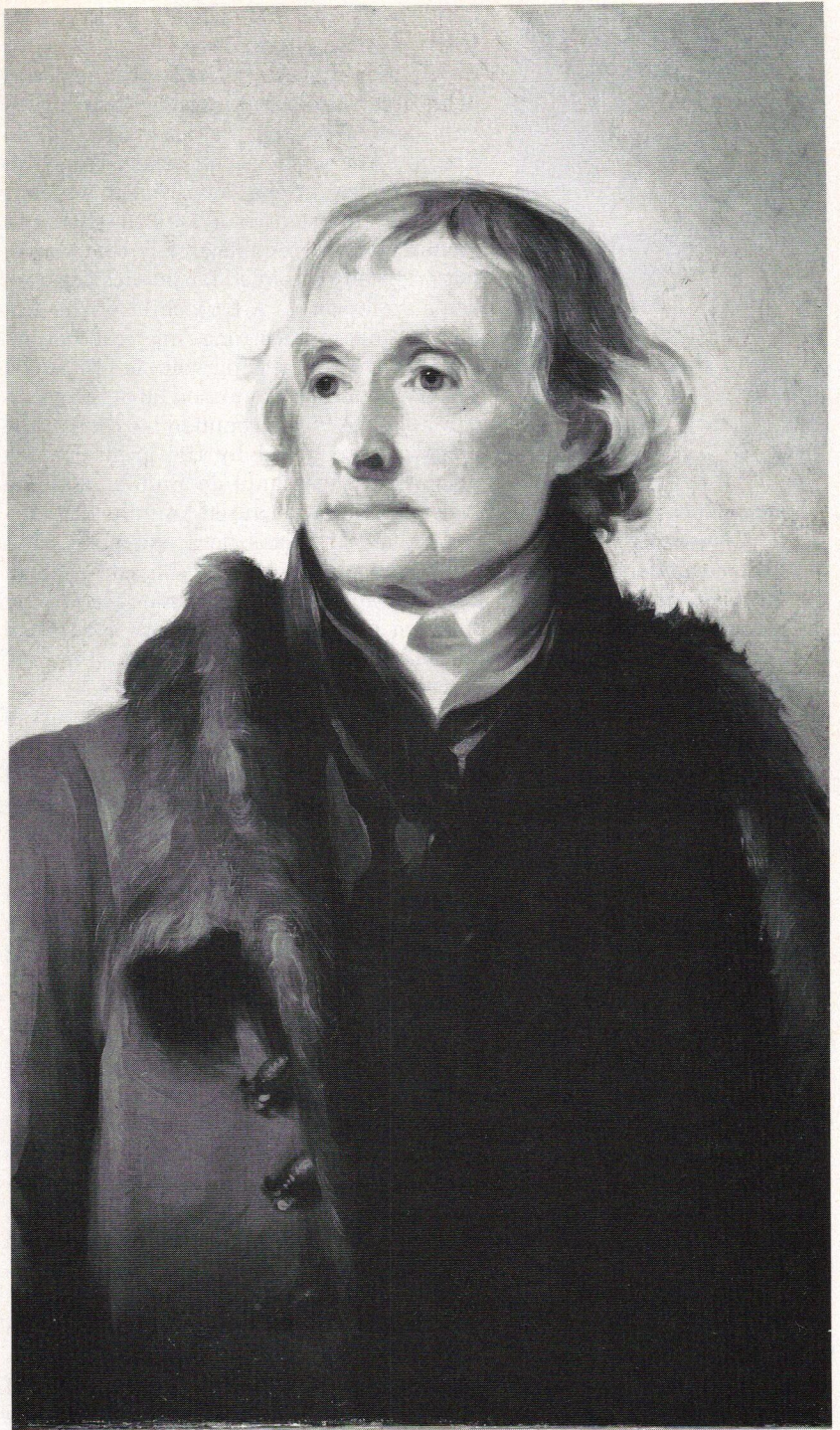
He led the way in revising the entire structure of law in Virginia in an effort to rid it of the vestiges of monarchy and make it compatible with republican principles. In this regard his greatest achievement was the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom that completely separated church and state and placed religious beliefs beyond the jurisdiction of government. This landmark document in the development of western liberty has since set the pattern governing church-state relations in the United States.

He fought unsuccessfully for a system of public education that would create the informed citizenry he regarded as vital for the success of republican government and draw forth the natural aristocracy of virtue and talent he wished to see at the helm of the republican ship of state.

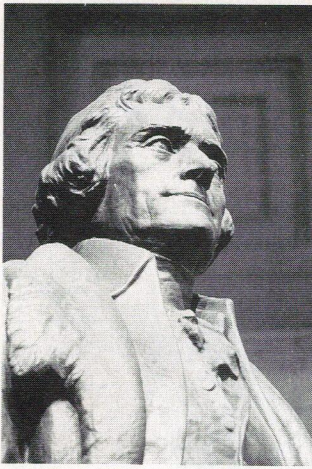
Legislative success led to Jefferson's election as governor of Virginia in 1779. The two years he held this office coincided with the supreme crisis of the Revolution, when British victories in the South and widespread war weariness among the American people raised the possibility that the bid for independence might fail.

As governor, Jefferson had little real power, owing to the distrust of executive authority among American revolutionaries. He coped as well as he could with the manifold problems resulting from incursions by the British and their Native American allies; inflation; and profiteering. But in the end he failed to respond effectively to two British attacks on the state in 1781.* The resultant criticism Jefferson incurred led him in June of that year to retire to private life, determined henceforth to retreat "to my farm, my

*During the second of these incursions British raiders struck Monticello and abducted a number of Jefferson's slaves. The Virginian decried the British seizure of the slaves, declaring that had General Charles Cornwallis set them free, "he would have done right, but [he consigned] them to inevitable death from small pox and putrid fever then raging in his camp."



At Monticello in 1821 the seventy-eight-year-old statesman sat for his last-known portrait, by artist Thomas Sully. Even at this late date, only five years before his 1826 death, the former secretary of state, vice president, and president was about to witness the fulfillment of yet another major accomplishment—the opening of the University of Virginia, of which he was designer and founder.



Sometimes referred to as "America's da Vinci," Thomas Jefferson was a Renaissance man second perhaps only to Benjamin Franklin in the depth and breadth of his interests and achievements. An accomplished lawyer, agronomist, educator, inventor, scientist, philosopher, linguist, archaeologist, musician, writer, architect, and statesman, the Virginian chose to be remembered not for his governorship of his state, his five-year diplomatic mission to France at Revolution's end, nor for his subsequent terms in high government office, but rather (as he adamantly specified for the plain obelisk marking his Monticello grave) for his accomplishments as "Author of the Declaration of American Independence, Of the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, and Father of the University of Virginia." Today reminders of this inexhaustible genius live on at his Monticello estate; in the splendid monument erected to his memory in the nation's capital (opposite); and, more significantly, through the legacy of values he championed—liberty, equality, inalienable rights, and self-government—that have remained at the heart of the American experience from his time to ours.

family and books from which I think nothing will ever more separate me."

Jefferson characteristically put the period of his first retirement to good use, writing his only book, *Notes on the State of Virginia*. Prompted by a series of questions French officials sent to various Americans in an effort to gather information about the Bourbon monarchy's new republican ally, this work—not originally intended for publication—reveals Jefferson as a true child of the Enlightenment and a strong American nationalist. In this pioneering volume of natural history, Jefferson drew upon all of the scientific resources at his command to combat the opinion propagated by the great French naturalist, the Comte de Buffon, that the American climate caused an unhealthy degeneration of humans, flora, and fauna. First published in French in 1785 and then in English two years later, *Notes on the State of Virginia* established Jefferson's reputation throughout the western world as a man of science and profound learning.

For modern readers the main interest of *Notes on the State of Virginia* lies in what it reveals about Jefferson's attitudes toward the vexed issues of slavery and race relations. Jefferson therein denounced "the blot of slavery" as an affront to God and man alike. He criticized it as depriving blacks of their natural right to liberty, for engendering unrepugnant habits of despotism among masters, and for sowing the seeds of a bloody race war.

But while calling for the abolition of slavery, he proposed that freed blacks be colonized in Africa. Jefferson rejected the possibility of a biracial society in America after abolition because he believed that ex-slaves could never forget the terrible injustices inflicted upon them by their former masters, but more importantly because he convinced himself that blacks by nature were intellectually inferior to whites.

Jefferson never wavered in his conviction that abolition had to be accompanied by colonization, and it seems clear that his belief about alleged black intellectual inferiority was a defense mechanism to justify his continued ownership of slaves. Unlike George Washington, Jefferson freed only a handful of slaves in his will, and his failure to overcome racial prejudice against blacks underscores the sharpest limitation of his vision of republican liberty for the American people.

Between what he inherited from his father and what he acquired through his marriage, Jefferson owned an estate consisting of ten

thousand acres of land worked by one hundred to two hundred slaves. It was the greatest irony of Jefferson's life that his career as a defender of liberty and his aristocratic lifestyle at Monticello were based upon an economic system in which his own freedom depended upon depriving black men, women, and children of theirs.

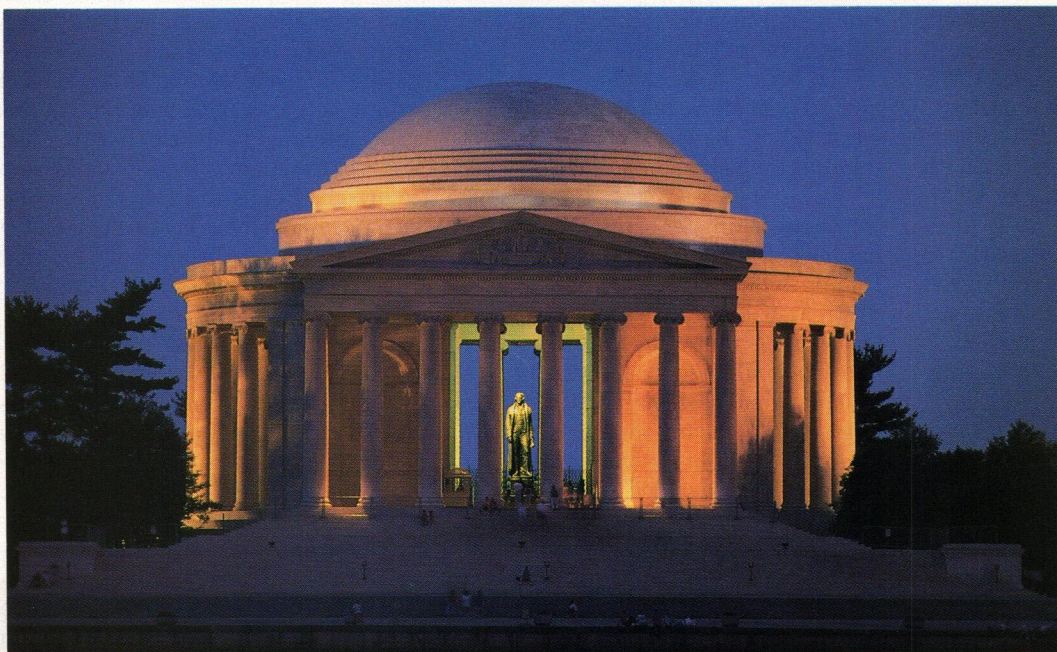
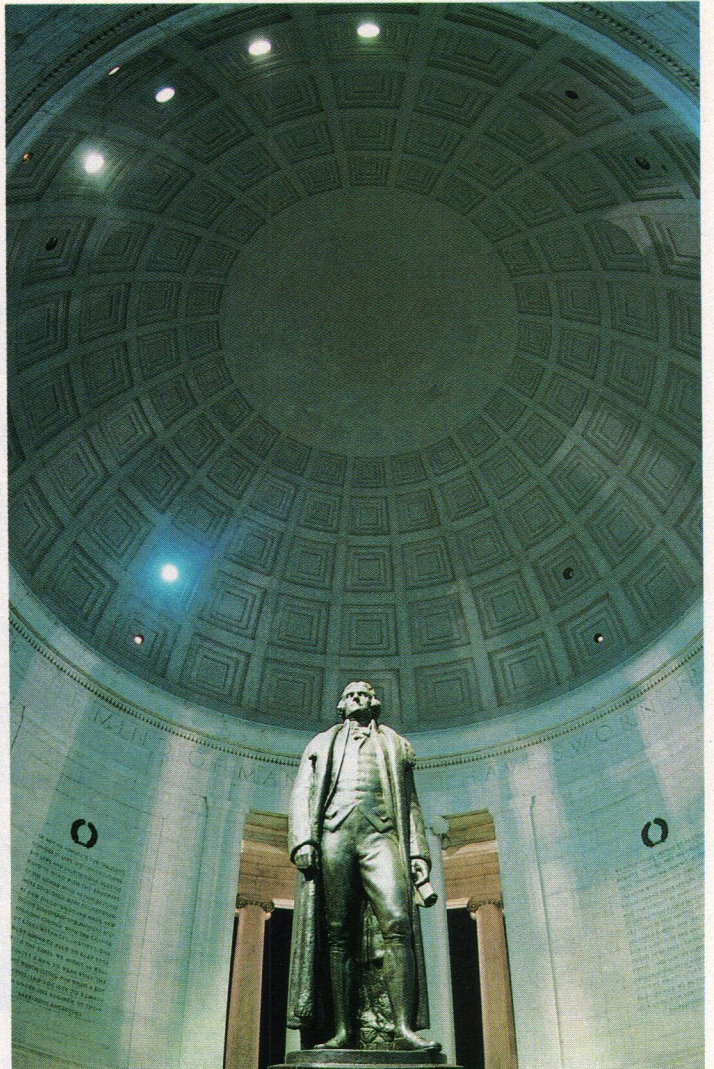
The tragic death of Jefferson's wife four months after giving birth to their last child in 1782 shattered his dream of enjoying a lifetime of domestic bliss at Monticello. A year later he entered Congress, established under the Articles of Confederation, which took effect in 1781. There he made a contribution of profound importance to the future development of the new American nation, when in 1784 he drew up a report for the government of the territory north of the Ohio. The leading principles of the report were embodied in the better-known Northwest Ordinance of 1787 and carried out in almost every other future territorial acquisition made by the United States.

By applying the principles of republican government to the Northwest Territory, Jefferson provided procedures for the admission of new states into the Union on the basis of equality with the original thirteen states that had broken away from the British Empire in 1776. He thus rejected the alternative of holding the new territories in colonial thrall to the established states and looked forward to the integration of both into one vast "Empire of Liberty."

He was particularly eager to promote the rapid settlement of the West because of his confidence that the lands thus opened to American farmers would enable the United States to remain an agrarian society for generations to come. His only regret about his seminal 1784 plan for territorial government was congressional rejection of a provision for the exclusion of slavery from the Northwest Territory after 1800—a provision that indicates the genuineness of his opposition to slavery.

Jefferson's service in Congress catapulted him from the national to the international scene. After the British finally recognized American independence in the 1783 Treaty of Paris, the United States embarked upon a quest for new trading partners in Europe to lessen its economic dependence on Britain. In 1784 Congress appointed Jefferson to serve with John Adams and Benjamin Franklin on a commission to negotiate commercial treaties in Europe, and in 1785 it chose him to succeed the aged Franklin

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In the murky, predawn twilight of January 21, 1968, an officer in the People's Army of Vietnam, concealed in elephant grass at forest's edge, raised a pair of captured American binoculars to his eyes and peered intently at the defenses surrounding Khe Sanh village in South Vietnam's Quang Tri Province. A battalion commander in the 66th Regiment, 304th Division, he had orders to lead an assault against the settlement later that morning. First, however, mortar and rocket batteries from other North Vietnamese Army (NVA) units

Recommended additional reading: *Valley of Decision: The Siege of Khe Sanh* by John Prados and Ray W. Stubbe (Houghton Mifflin Company, 1991) is a definitive account of Khe Sanh operations, including events both before and after the 1968 siege. (Coauthor Stubbe served as a chaplain at the combat base.) For excellent pictorial coverage, see *War Without Heroes* by David Douglas Duncan (Harper & Row, 1969).

were scheduled to bombard the Khe Sanh Combat Base, a major U.S. Marine garrison a little more than two miles to the north.

The officer lowered his binoculars and glanced at the luminous dial of his wrist watch. It was 4:55 A.M. In five minutes the barrage would begin.

Inside the perimeter of the nearby combat base, U.S. Marine Lance Corporal Dennis Jennings crouched behind his M-60 machine gun and wondered if this was the real thing or just another false alarm. For several days all kinds of rumors had been making the rounds of the two-thousand-man garrison regarding the size of the enemy force that supposedly surrounded Khe Sanh.

"The first rumor I heard was that there were fifty thousand enemy troops out there," Jennings recalled nearly a quarter-century later. "I never believed there were that many, but I knew there

were a lot of them and that we were in one hell of a jam. Then I begin to think and remember. You know, I was born and raised in Texas, and while we were sitting there and waiting for the NVA to attack, I couldn't help but think that this is what it must have been like that last night at the Alamo. 'I'm a Texan!' I said to myself. 'I enlisted in this man's Marine Corps and if I've got to die, then I'm going to die like a Texan!' I decided that Khe Sanh was going to be my Alamo."

Ten thousand miles away, another Texan also had his eye on Khe Sanh and his mind on the Alamo. The ominous news about the North Vietnamese build-up around the remote Marine base was costing President Lyndon B. Johnson sleep and sapping his energy.

The chief executive's anxiety stemmed from his experiences as Senate minority leader in 1954 when the French suffered *their* Alamo in Vietnam—at an



BATTLES WON & LOST

A quarter-century ago, in one of the most controversial battles of the Vietnam conflict, six thousand U.S. Marines defended a remote highland outpost against a vastly larger force of Hanoi regulars. Even today historians debate the purpose and significance of the bloody eleven-week siege.

KHE SANH

by Richard G. Harris

obscure mountain outpost called Dien Bien Phu. Johnson had heard intelligence briefings about how attacking Viet Minh forces managed to pull their heavy artillery up the jungle-covered mountains surrounding the thirteen-thousand-man fortress. During the last hours of the four-month siege the French government had sent a desperate message to U.S. President Dwight D. Eisenhower, pleading for an American air strike against the attacking North Vietnamese. As a senior member of the Senate Armed Services Committee, Johnson had been one of the presidential advisors who convinced Eisenhower not to intervene—and soon afterward the beleaguered French outpost surrendered.

Now, fourteen years later, President Johnson was haunted by the specter of an *American Dien Bien Phu*. He knew that some of his key military commanders were looking forward to the com-

ing battle for Khe Sanh. To them the remote highland outpost was the perfect place to destroy thousands of the enemy's best troops. But Johnson also was painfully aware that the American people were openly beginning to question his Vietnam policy. If the United States forces suffered a catastrophe similar to that wreaked against the French, the president would lose what little popular support he still retained.

By mid-January, Johnson was so caught up in the impending battle that he could think of little else. He lost his appetite and spent sleepless nights in the White House's basement situation room. The staff on duty always had the latest dispatches ready for the president's nocturnal visits. Here, with his mind on his Marines, Johnson sat for hours reading and rereading every dispatch and studying a relief model of Khe Sanh that was complete down to the last squad trench.

Officially, the U.S. Marines held Khe Sanh because of its strategic location in the northwest corner of Quang Tri Province, the northernmost region of South Vietnam. Situated on a sparsely populated plateau of coffee plantations surrounded by mountains, the base lay only fourteen miles south of the six-mile-wide Demilitarized Zone (DMZ) that separated North and South Vietnam and about six miles east of Laos.

The real reason the Marines were there, however, was that William C. Westmoreland, commander of all U.S. forces in South Vietnam, wanted them there and had convinced Johnson to back him up. To Westmoreland, the significance of Khe Sanh seemed clear. As long as U.S. forces held the combat base and its airfield they were in position to monitor and interdict North Vietnamese Army sanctuaries across the Laotian border, as well as the Ho Chi Minh Trail, the NVA infiltration



By January 1968, President Johnson had become so obsessed by the impending battle at Khe Sanh that he could think of little else.

route connecting North and South Vietnam via Laos. Westmoreland also believed that occupying this and a string of other bases straddling a centuries-old invasion route would keep the enemy from launching a major offensive against South Vietnam's northernmost provinces. And the American general saw Khe Sanh as the perfect base from which to launch a major drive into Laos, a projected incursion for which he hoped to gain presidential approval.

The remote plateau, however, embodied some features that rendered it less than satisfactory for occupation by U.S. forces. The surrounding terrain—perfect for the North Vietnamese style of warfare—consisted of rugged mountain ranges and thick jungle vegetation that slowed ground travel and hindered aerial observation. During the winter monsoon season, low-lying clouds, rain, and fog further limited visibility and access. And because mountains dominated Khe Sanh and its approaches, occupying the plateau also necessitated seizing and holding several nearby peaks. Finally, the sole access to Khe Sanh by vehicle was by way of Route 9, a narrow and winding road from the coast that was easily cut and vulnerable to ambush.

A U.S. military presence had existed at Khe Sanh in varying degrees since 1962, when a twelve-man advisory team from the U.S. Army Special Forces established a small base camp there and began to recruit and train local Montagnard tribesmen as armed volunteers in the "Civilian Irregular Defense Group" (CIDG). The first U.S. Marines on the plateau arrived two years later, when a signal unit briefly established a radio relay outpost atop nearby Tiger Tooth Mountain.

In October 1966 General Westmoreland ordered a detachment of U.S. Navy Seabees—naval construction engineers—to lengthen and harden the airstrip the Green Berets had been using. During construction, the Marine presence at Khe Sanh temporarily increased to battalion size. The Army Special Forces detachment concurrently re-established its camp about seven miles southwest of Khe Sanh, near the small village of Lang Ve.

By this time Westmoreland already regarded Khe Sanh as a major element

in his strategic plan—one meriting a strong garrison. When the Marines failed to retain a battalion-sized combat unit at Khe Sanh, Westmoreland demanded to know why. Marine commanders replied that the base was too isolated to be adequately supported. They were concerned that a determined enemy attack could easily isolate it. In that event, Khe Sanh's defenders would have to depend exclusively on aircraft for supplies and reinforcements, and the weather in that part of Vietnam sometimes made communication by air tenuous.

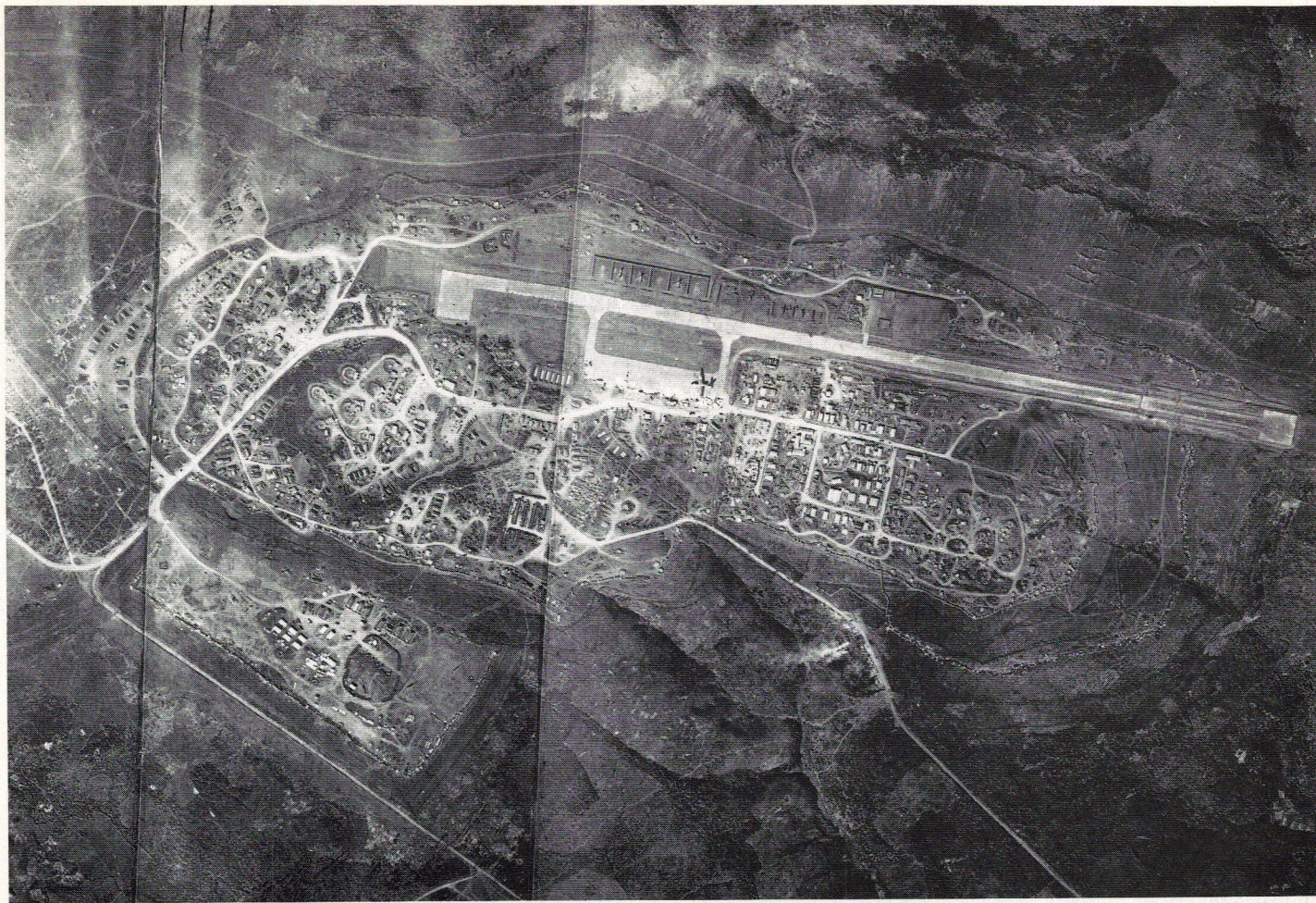
Westmoreland remained adamant. He wanted a battalion out there and he wanted it now. But the Marines weren't impressed with the Army four-star general and they continued to resist.

"If we put a battalion at Khe Sanh I knew that in a month we would have to reinforce it with an entire regiment," believed now-retired General Lowell English, then assistant commander of the 3rd Marine Division, which would have to defend the plateau. "Before you can hold Khe Sanh, you first have to occupy and hold the prominent terrain features in the area; most notably Hills 881 North and South, and Hill 861.* To hold those three hills alone would take a battalion by itself, plus one battery of artillery for each hill. But even if you held Khe Sanh, what would you have? Nothing, that's what. There's nothing out there. And even if you lost it, you haven't lost a damn thing! The only reason there was a battle in that God-forsaken place was because Westmoreland wanted it!"

Despite the Marine commanders' misgivings, indications of a growing enemy presence around Khe Sanh during the early months of 1967 finally spurred them to airlift in a battalion of infantry and artillery. The spring of that year saw vicious close-quarter fighting—with a substantial loss in American lives—as the Marines tangled with local NVA units and wrested control of several hilltop strong-points from them.

By December 1967, U.S. intelligence experts detected an alarming increase in North Vietnamese activity on the Ho Chi Minh trail. But what particularly

*On military maps, large hills are given numerical designations reflecting the height of the summit in meters.



worried the analysts was that many of the North Vietnamese weren't continuing their march to the south—they were stopping and moving into the mountains of eastern Laos, directly across the border from Khe Sanh.

A few days before Christmas 1967, Colonel David Lownds, commander of the Khe Sanh Combat Base, sent his 3rd Battalion on a search-and-destroy operation through the nearby mountains. The Marines didn't see any North Vietnamese but they found plenty of signs that a large, elusive enemy force was slowly surrounding the American garrison.

But was Khe Sanh the real enemy objective? Or were the North Vietnamese trying to divert Westmoreland's attention from something far bigger and infinitely more important?

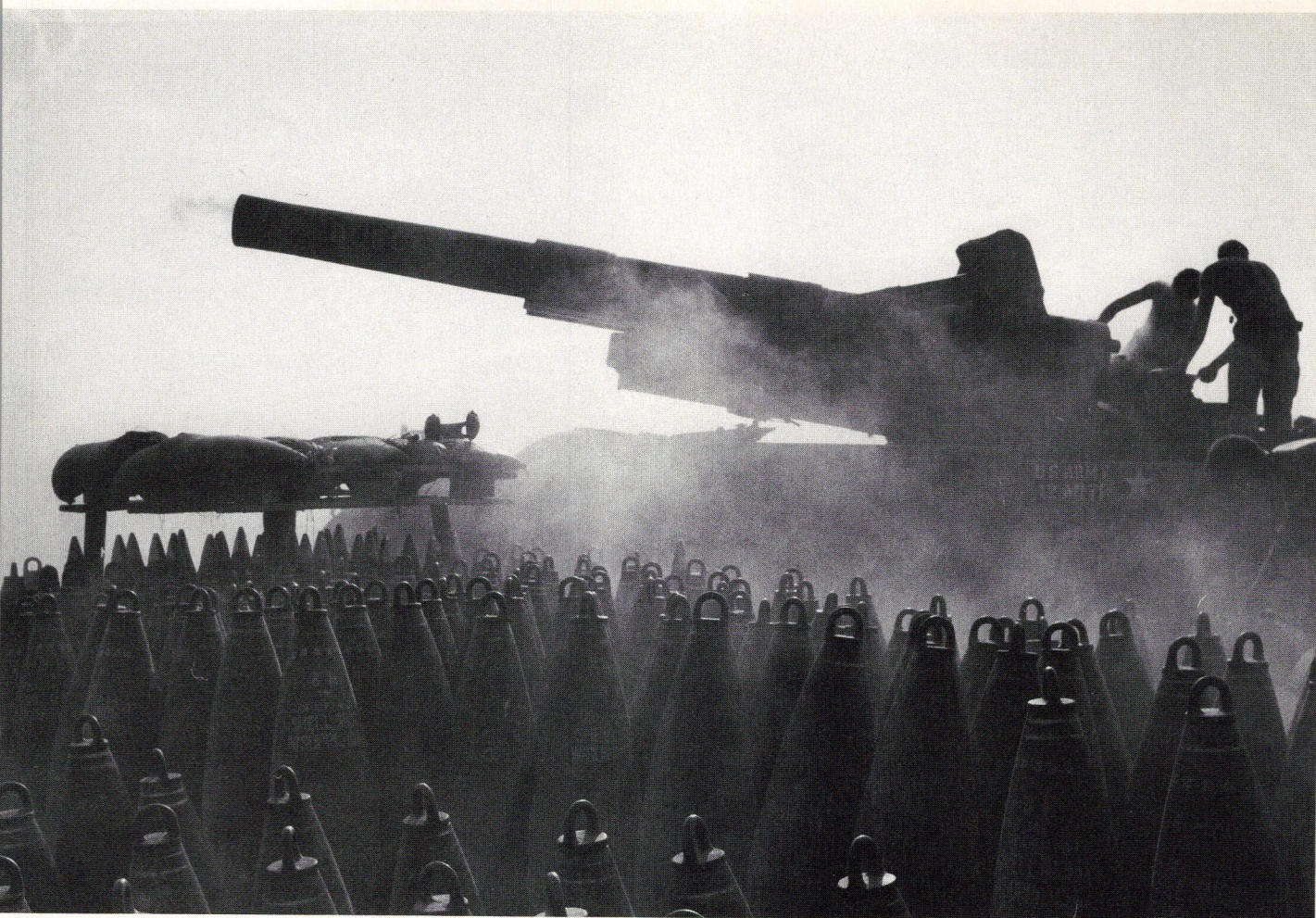
By January 1968, General Vo Nguyen Giap, North Vietnam's chief of staff and minister of defense—the same brilliant commander who had masterminded

the 1954 victory at Dien Bien Phu—was putting the final touches on a daring military operation on which he had been working for many months. Giap intended to throw more than sixty thousand troops into a surprise attack against the population centers of South Vietnam.

At the same time that Westmoreland was strengthening his bases in the northern provinces, Giap was leapfrogging thousands of his prize soldiers to the south. These tough North Vietnamese troops would assist their Viet Cong allies in the largest battle of the Vietnam War. Giap planned to launch this unorthodox attack on the most sacred of all Vietnamese holidays—Tet, the Chinese lunar New Year.

Even today, a quarter-century later, the precise motives Giap had for massing forces around Khe Sanh—as well as any specific connection this action may have had with the Tet offensive—remain unclear. It is reasonable to speculate, however, that Giap had

News that thousands of North Vietnamese soldiers had surrounded the Khe Sanh Combat Base in South Vietnam's Quang Tri province made President Lyndon B. Johnson (seen examining a relief map of Khe Sanh with his advisors, opposite) fearful that the Marine stronghold might become another Dien Bien Phu. An aerial photo mosaic (above) shows the combat base and its 3,900-foot metal airstrip; not seen are hilltop outposts several miles to the northwest (beyond picture's edge to upper left).



Determined to hold Khe Sanh, General William C. Westmoreland, commander of U.S. forces in South Vietnam, mobilized "Operation Niagara"—the most powerful concentration of firepower achieved up to that time. During the eleven-week siege U.S. artillery in and near Khe Sanh (including the 175mm gun above) fired more than 150,000 rounds at enemy positions; while tactical aircraft (including the Marine F-4 "Phantom," opposite) dropped 40,000 tons of bombs. Most devastating, however, were the additional 75,000 tons of munitions dropped by high-flying B-52s.

watched the American build-up at Khe Sanh with growing concern. Likely his biggest fear was that Westmoreland would use the base as the staging area for an invasion into the DMZ. And Giap may have further reasoned that the dangerous concentration of American troops at Khe Sanh could be used to his advantage.

Giap's great Tet Offensive could succeed only if he achieved surprise. He was certain that the Americans had picked up some indications that he soon would launch a major offensive. But he remained confident that they didn't know exactly when or where. If he could heavily engage the Americans at Khe Sanh, drawing their attention and forcing them to commit thousands of troops to the country's northern region, they would find it much more difficult to crush his surprise offensive in the south.

Giap knew the one thing that both Westmoreland and President Johnson feared most was that the North Viet-

namese general would repeat his Dien Bien Phu triumph, this time against the Americans. Apparently capitalizing on those concerns, he set about convincing Westmoreland that his worst fears were about to become a reality.

General Westmoreland wasn't blind to the possibility that the increasing number of North Vietnamese forces settling in around Khe Sanh might attempt to overrun the base. He knew the garrison there was heavily outnumbered, but he believed that with the tremendous firepower at his disposal the tough Marines could hold the outpost.

He ordered his Air Force commander to develop a two-phase operation that would utilize all air and artillery units within range of Khe Sanh. Code-named "Operation Niagara," the plan was intended to invoke the image of a waterfall-like cascade of bombs and shells around the base. Its first phase consisted of a comprehensive intelligence-

gathering operation to locate the enemy forces around Khe Sanh, utilizing every source available to the Americans, including Special Operations Forces, reconnaissance aircraft, radio intercepts, and remote electronic sensors.

The second phase of Westmoreland's plan involved massive, coordinated around-the-clock bombing and shelling of the enemy concentrations by all available aircraft and artillery.

During 1967, Westmoreland's forces had inflicted more than 150,000 casualties on the enemy. Now, as 1968 began, he was convinced that he was going to give the North Vietnamese a beating at Khe Sanh that finally would force them to the conference table.

Just after sundown on January 2, 1968, Marines assigned to Lima Company of the 3rd Battalion, 26th Marines, moved into their night defensive positions to the west of the Khe Sanh airstrip. Captain Richard Camp, the company commander, made sure that his men were settled in, then returned to his command post where he hoped to catch a few hours of sleep.

During the night, one of Camp's radio operators shook him awake. "My First Platoon listening post [LP], which was covering my right flank, had spotted something moving in front of their position," recalls Camp. "I took the handset and tried to call the LP, but I couldn't get anyone to answer me. Man, you could have cut the tension in that bunker with a knife! I had four good men out there—and for all I knew the entire North Vietnamese Army might have been there too. It was darker than hell that night, and I was so damn frustrated because I couldn't do a thing to help. I couldn't make one move to help them until I heard from them.

"Finally, I heard one of them say, 'We see something out there!'

"That was all the information that I needed. I sent eight men from my mortar platoon out to reinforce the LP."

Charles Thorton, then a lance corporal and a member of the reaction force, remembers it this way: "We had been outside the wire for about thirty minutes when the officer in charge [Lieutenant Nile Buffington] stopped and shouted for someone to identify himself. Then all hell broke loose. Automatic weapons and grenades were go-

ing off all around us. I hit the dirt and opened fire in the direction that the first rounds had come from."

When the short and bitter firefight was over, five North Vietnamese soldiers lay dead; a sixth, wounded, dragged himself into the darkness.

"At first none of us realized what we had done," says Camp. "The next morning our intelligence people went out and took a look at the bodies. These men were all dressed in American combat uniforms. One had a pay card on him, and our people were able to identify him as a North Vietnamese regimental commander, and the other dead men were believed to be members of his staff. When I found out about this, I was so damn proud of those young Marines; they did one hell of a job!"

The news of Camp's small victory sent shock waves through the American command. Westmoreland knew that if an NVA regimental commander would undertake such a hazardous personal reconnaissance, something very big was about to happen.

The American general gained other information as well. His communication intelligence section, monitoring North Vietnamese radio transmissions, confirmed that a major North Vietnamese headquarters had been activated in Laos to command the attack against Khe Sanh. From all indications, it appeared that the NVA would launch their assault around January 20. An estimated twenty to thirty thousand enemy troops now occupied the jungles around Khe Sanh.

Early in the afternoon of January 20, a Marine sentry spotted a lone NVA soldier approaching the northeast end of the Khe Sanh runway, carrying an automatic weapon in one hand and holding a white flag with the other. Instantly the soldier found himself facing the weapons of at least thirty Marines. Slowly, he continued walking toward the American lines.

First Lieutenant La Thanh Tonc, an officer who had become disillusioned and demoralized by his long absence from home and the endless casualties his troops were suffering, proved to be pure gold for the Americans. He was a company commander in the 14th Anti-aircraft Company, assigned to the 95-C regiment, 325-C Division. He was de-





"For about forty-five minutes we fought hand-to-hand. . . . We won, but it was real close."

fecting and offered to tell the Americans everything he knew.

Tonc described in detail virtually the entire North Vietnamese plan. He explained that the first attack would take place against the Marine outpost on Hill 881 South, now completely surrounded by NVA troops. The next target would be Hill 861. Then the Khe Sanh Combat Base would be overrun. After Khe Sanh had been reduced, the North Vietnamese would capture all of Quang Tri Province. The attacks were scheduled to begin at precisely 12:30 A.M. the next morning.

The startled Marines were divided on Tonc. Some intelligence officers thought he was a "plant," while others believed he was telling the truth. "I was at Khe Sanh the day Tonc came in," recalled retired Major General Rathvon "Tommy" Tompkins, then commander of the 3rd Marine Division. "He told us everything, I mean everything—right down to the disposition of the assault force. At first I found it hard to believe that a mere lieutenant could know so much. But I decided that it would be in our best interest to act on his information. After all, we had nothing to lose and everything to gain."*

Colonel Lownds ordered the entire garrison to full alert.

On this eve of battle, slightly more than two thousand troops of the 26th Marine Regiment occupied the Khe Sanh Combat Base proper—a motley complex of tents, command bunkers, trenches and foxholes, artillery emplacements, fuel depots and ammunition dumps, and sandbagged fortifications filling a half-mile-wide sector along the south side of the Khe Sanh airstrip. These troops included the regiment's 1st Battalion, which had occupied the base since May 1967, and the 3rd Battalion, airlifted in during mid-December. The regiment's twelve-hundred-man 2nd Battalion, which arrived on January 17, held high ground northwest of the base. Three companies of about 250 men each also occupied key outposts atop Hills 861, 861 Alpha, and 881 South, located several miles to the

*At about the same time that Tonc surrendered, a patrol from Hill 881 South was engaged in a firefight with an NVA battalion near Hill 881 North, sustaining numerous casualties in what became the first major action of the siege.

west and northwest.*

Other units in the area included an Army advisory team and a Marine combined action company at the Khe Sanh village; and the Green Beret Special Forces detachment and five hundred CIDG personnel at Lang Vei.

To defend Khe Sanh, Lownds had six 155mm and eighteen 105mm howitzers, ten vehicles equipped with recoilless rifles, and a number of mortars. Also supporting the base were sixteen 175mm self-propelled guns located at the "Rockpile" and at Camp J.J. Carroll, fire bases located several miles to the east. Brought partway in via Route 9, these Army weapons had been forced to turn back before reaching the Marine garrison because of the threat of NVA ambush. In fact, no land convoys had reached Khe Sanh via Route 9 since August 1967, when the Americans abandoned it as indefensible. All personnel, food, ammunition, and fuel had to be airlifted in—a total of about 160 tons per day.

Soon after midnight, almost exactly as the NVA deserter had predicted, a 250-man force struck Hill 861. In the furious battle that followed, the Vietnamese penetrated the outpost's defense perimeter before finally being repulsed.

Then, at 5 A.M. the hills surrounding Khe Sanh lit up as hundreds of mortars opened fire and rockets took flight. With a terrifying roar, the rounds slammed into the combat base.

Several of the missiles impacted on the long metal runway, temporarily put the airstrip out of commission. And minutes after the attack began, other rounds impacted squarely on one of the earthen bunkers near the eastern end of the base, smack in the middle of the main ammunition dump. In a huge explosion that tossed trucks, jeeps, and helicopters around like toys, more than fifteen hundred tons of high explosives went up.

"One minute I was sitting behind my machine gun waiting for the enemy to

*Subsequent reinforcements included the 1st Battalion, 9th Marines, airlifted in on January 22; and the 37th Army Republic of Vietnam (ARVN) Battalion, which arrived five days later. At the height of the siege slightly less than six thousand troops defended the combat base and nearby outposts.



attack, and the next thing I knew I was flat on my back with my machine gun nowhere in sight," recalls Jennings. "Then I heard someone yell: 'They got the ammo dump!'"

One company command post was forced to move three times that morning, not to evade the enemy fire still slamming into the base, but from the skittering and tumbling American ammunition blown out of the dump.

"It was a nightmare," says Jennings. "When the ammo dump went I was more afraid of getting killed by one of our own rounds than of being hit by the enemy. In fact, I forgot all about the NVA shelling. After the first explosion, I got up and was running as hard as I could when another explosion rocked the base. I saw a foxhole about ten feet in front of me and dove head-first into it. Then the shock wave hit and threw me out of that hole just like I was a piece of paper. I got to my feet again and headed for a bunker. When I got inside, I felt this stinging sensa-

tion on my arms and face. I looked down, and my flak jacket was covered with steel *fléchettes*.^{*} My arms were bleeding, and I felt blood running down my face. At that moment I said a prayer and thanked God that Colonel Lownds had made us wear our flak jackets. If he hadn't, I would have looked like a piece of Swiss cheese."

Meanwhile the first NVA ground attack commenced, hitting the western edge of Khe Sanh village and its American and native defenders.

Already confronted by the loss of most of his ammunition and with his runway out of commission, the beleaguered Colonel Lownds didn't have time to think about sending a relief force into the village. All he could do was to turn his artillery against the attacking North Vietnamese. By the next morning, the village had to be aban-

^{*}Some of the shells tossed out of the dump by the explosions were antipersonnel rounds—each containing 740 steel *fléchettes* or darts.

With aircraft and artillery holding the enemy at bay, Americans at the Khe Sanh Combat Base seldom saw their adversaries. On the hilltop outposts overlooking the plateau, however, defenders repeatedly repulsed North Vietnamese (NVA) troops in fierce close-up encounters. A Marine checks perimeter defenses on Hill 861 Alpha (above), following a February 5 attack in which more than one hundred NVA troops died.



Despite massive U.S. retaliation, North Vietnamese artillery surrounding Khe Sanh continued to pound the Marine garrison. On some days more than a thousand mortar, howitzer, and rocket rounds hit the combat base, exacting a heavy toll on the defenders' minds and bodies. In the photograph above, Marines caught in the open recoil from a secondary explosion caused by an enemy round hitting a munitions bunker.

doned to the NVA.

Inside the base, the Marine artillerymen worked under trying conditions. Every few seconds another enemy round landed. The NVA gunners were firing all kinds of ordnance, from small close-support mortar rounds to large 122mm rockets with warheads that weighed nearly one hundred pounds.

The Marine artillerymen were quite capable of providing devastating fire support to the mountain outposts and to targets in the village, but on that first day they couldn't locate many of the enemy mortar and rocket sites. In frustration, Major Ronald Campbell ran from shell hole to shell hole, gingerly digging up the red-hot shrapnel, measuring the depth of the crater, and estimating the arc of the shell and caliber of the enemy weapon that had fired it. Then, guessing the range and probable coordinates of the enemy gun, he would run back to his headquarters to direct his artillery.

By around 9 A.M. the enemy fire be-

gan to slacken, and an uneasy calm finally settled across the base. The Marines couldn't enjoy the respite, however; they were too busy fighting the ammunition dump fire and rebuilding their positions.

Because of the damaged runway and a heavy curtain of enemy anti-aircraft fire around the base, Air Force supply planes could not land until evening; on this day Khe Sanh received only twenty-four tons of supplies. So far casualties had been low, but no one in the American command harbored illusions about what could happen if fifteen or twenty thousand North Vietnamese stormed out of the fog.

"The next morning we started to pick up the pieces," says Jennings. "Just about everyone that I saw had little scabs on all of the exposed parts of their bodies from the garbage that had been flying around when the ammo dump went up. We were out there picking up whatever we could find when all of a sudden we heard them way off in the

distance. . . 'Boom . . . Boom . . . Boom!' These were more incoming rounds, and if we could hear them that meant that we had about thirty seconds until they hit the base. I spotted a foxhole and dove in. The next thing I knew there were three men on top of me!"

In Saigon, the intensity of the NVA attack shook General Westmoreland. But even before the first enemy round hit the base, he had decided the time had come to unleash his own firepower.

Operation Niagara swung into high gear. Throughout the eleven-week siege that followed, from late January to early April, U.S. aircraft averaged nearly three hundred tactical sorties a day against targets in the Khe Sanh area. In more than twenty-two thousand such sorties, Air Force, Navy, and Marine Corps planes dropped about forty thousand tons of bombs.

Even more devastating were the B-52 raids. Every ninety minutes, around the clock, flights of B-52s—each plane carrying up to twenty-five tons of bombs—arrived over the Khe Sanh valley from bases on Guam and in Thailand. Locking on to their targets with radar bomb-sights and flying so high that they were invisible from the ground, the bombers struck NVA concentrations virtually without warning, pulverizing vast sections of jungle and killing everything within the target area. In eleven weeks the B-52s completed twenty-six hundred sorties, dropping seventy-five thousand tons of bombs.

This aerial bombardment of the area around Khe Sanh constituted the most intense use of firepower against a tactical target in history. With such massive destruction, there simply was no way the North Vietnamese could marshal their forces to attack in mass.

On January 29, Westmoreland's signal intelligence people noticed an unusual number of radio transmissions emanating from an area in Laos. Analysts weren't certain, but they believed they had found the NVA field headquarters for coordinating the Khe Sanh operation. Through radio triangulation they pinpointed the exact location. The next day, thirty-six B-52 bombers pulverized the area; the radio transmissions came to an abrupt halt.

Other U.S. aircraft, meanwhile, main-

tained Khe Sanh's tenuous link with the outside world. Mainstays of the supply effort were four-engined Air Force and Marine C-130 "Hercules" transports, flying about fifteen missions per day from Da Nang. Additional reinforcements, supplies, and casualties were flown in and out of the base by smaller C-123 "Providers" and CH-46 and CH-53 helicopters.

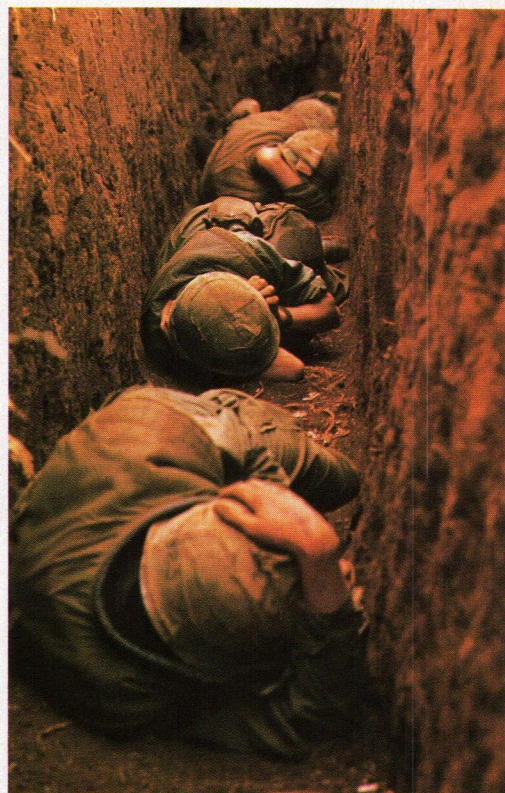
The supply aircraft came under fire virtually every time they approached for a landing at Khe Sanh, and they were extremely vulnerable to mortars and rockets while sitting on the apron. Landing at the base finally became so hazardous that the Air Force prohibited its C-130s from doing so—resorting instead to dropping supplies by parachute and using parachute and hook devices to extract their loads while flying just above the runway.

On February 10 antiaircraft fire hit a Marine KC-130 during its approach; seven men died in the crash and fire that followed. On March 6 the NVA shot down a C-123, killing all forty-nine on board. Despite the great hazards, the transports kept Khe Sanh supplied, making more than four hundred landings and nearly seven hundred air drops.

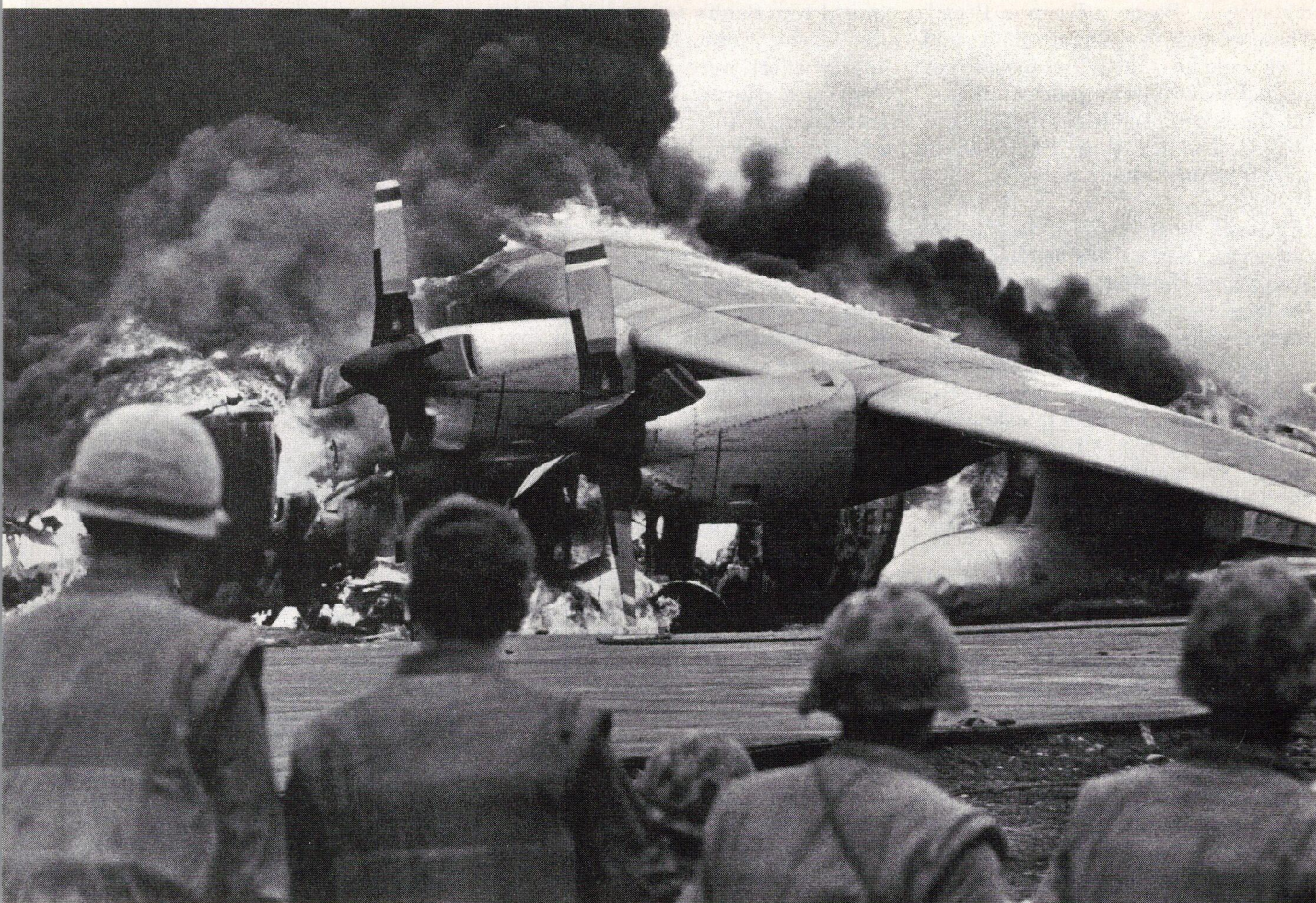
Supplying the hilltop outposts was even more difficult; helicopters hovered at the exposed landing zones for only a few seconds before coming under accurate fire. In response, the Marines developed a "Supergaggle" technique to overwhelm the NVA, flying in a dozen helicopters at a time with suppressing fire from accompanying tactical aircraft and gunships.

Despite Operation Niagara's murderous firepower, the tough North Vietnamese continued to pound Khe Sanh. On some days more than a thousand enemy rounds hit the base. Marines soon learned that when they heard the cough of a mortar round leaving the tube, they had about twenty seconds before the high-arching projectile hit the base. When rounds were fired from beyond the hilltop outposts, lookouts there radioed a warning to Khe Sanh, which gave the Marines there about two full minutes to reach cover.

On the third day of the siege, a number of 152mm NVA howitzers located on Co Roc Mountain in Laos began long-range bombardment of Khe Sanh.



"Every day it seemed like you lost another good friend to the constant shelling."



Throughout the siege of Khe Sanh, all reinforcements, supplies, ammunition, and fuel had to be airlifted into the American stronghold. Nearly every plane approaching the airstrip was subjected to antiaircraft and small arms fire, sometimes with disastrous results. Marines watch helplessly, above, as a KC-135 burns on February 10; seven crewmen and passengers died after enemy gunfire hit the transport's cargo of helicopter fuel. Probably more than four hundred other Americans died defending Khe Sanh; the bodies of some (opposite) await their last flight out of the beleaguered base.

Carefully concealed and often pulled back into caves after firing, these bothersome weapons lay beyond the reach of both the combat base's artillery and the heavier howitzers located to the east at the Rockpile and Camp Carroll.

The terrible shelling continued, day after day, and night after night. Every day American aircraft pounded the area around the base—but as soon as the bombers disappeared many of the same guns that apparently had been destroyed resumed their fire.

The intense shelling took a heavy toll on the defenders' minds and bodies. "At night we were always on alert, staring out into the darkness and wondering if this was going to be the night they'd hit us," says Jennings. "We were busy every day filling sandbags and building new barbed-wire barriers. We would do this for twelve hours, and at night we would go on alert. We were so tired! Some guys got religion; others gave up. And every day it seemed like you lost another good friend to the constant shelling."

In Washington, President Johnson was now completely obsessed with the battle at Khe Sanh. 1968 was an election year, and the very people who four years earlier had elected Johnson by the largest electoral victory in the nation's history now questioned his Vietnam policies. Before the siege started, Johnson called the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Earle Wheeler, and asked about the possibility of using nuclear weapons if Khe Sanh were in danger of being overrun. Wheeler assured the nervous president that Westmoreland could hold Khe Sanh without resorting to tactical nuclear weapons. But to be on the safe side, Wheeler ordered Westmoreland to set up a super-secret group to study the nuclear option.

Westmoreland's staff soon developed a nuclear fire plan based on the assumption that Khe Sanh would be the perfect location for light nuclear weapons. The Khe Sanh plateau was in a sparsely populated area, ensuring relatively low civilian casualties. West-

moreland believed that if the United States wanted to send a strong message to Hanoi about the resolve of the United States, one or two small nuclear weapons would be an excellent way to do it. But he continued to reassure Johnson that Khe Sanh could be held without nuclear weapons—a claim Johnson soon would question.

Just after midnight on January 31, the duty officer at Westmoreland's headquarters began receiving hundreds of reports from all over the country that large enemy attacks were hitting every major city and installation in South Vietnam. By 3 A.M., thirty-six of the forty-four provincial capitals were under heavy attack, and several had fallen. In Saigon the U.S. Embassy was under attack; Westmoreland's headquarters at Tan Son Nhut air base was being shelled and enemy commandos were probing its outer perimeter. The Tet Offensive had begun.

The enemy attacks didn't surprise Westmoreland; his intelligence section had been predicting them for several weeks. But the magnitude of the offensive caught him off guard. He still was sure that his forces could defeat the Communists, but he worried about how this attack would be received in Washington.

Westmoreland had every reason to be concerned. President Johnson could not understand how the North Vietnamese could launch such a huge offensive. Throughout 1967, Westmoreland had told the president that he could see the light at the end of the tunnel, and he had assured Johnson that the enemy would never be able to capture a major American installation. But now in Saigon—supposedly the most secure city in South Vietnam—the very symbol of American commitment, the American Embassy, was under heavy attack and stood a good chance of being captured.

In his first report to Washington, Westmoreland told the joint chiefs and the president that these attacks were nothing more than a feint designed to draw American forces away from Khe Sanh, where the major offensive would take place. Johnson was flabbergasted. If Westmoreland dismissed these attacks as light, then the president would hate to

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After Fitful

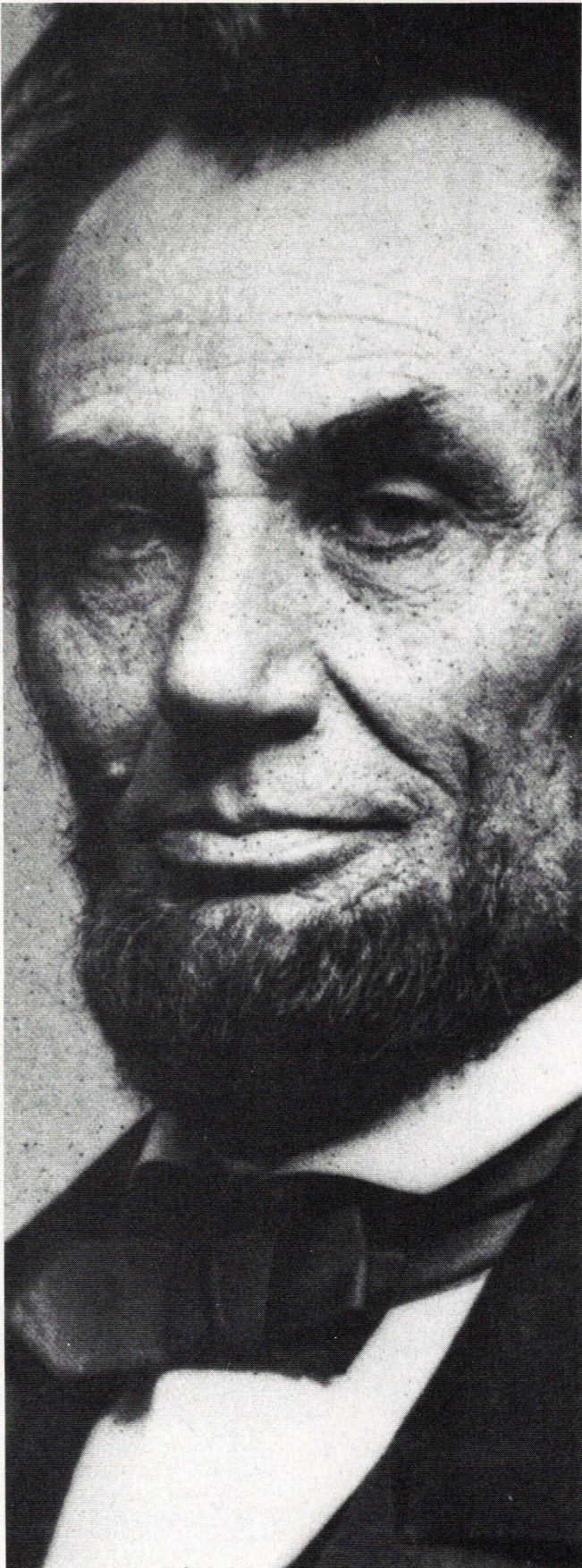
**"Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."**

Five days before Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, he quoted the above lines from *Macbeth*. But while Duncan's grave held peace for that Shakespearean character, for decades following Lincoln's demise his tomb only held more of life's fitful fever. Between his initial entombment in May 1865 and final burial in September 1901, Lincoln's body was moved more than a dozen times—and his coffin opened on several of those occasions. The strange and at times bizarre events that denied final rest to the president's mortal remains for thirty-six years provide an ironic postscript to a life marked both by greatness and tragedy.

At 7:30 A.M. on Saturday, April 15, 1865 the church bells in Washington, D.C. began to toll, signaling to the city's stunned residents that President Lincoln—the man who had successfully led the nation through four terrible years of civil war—had succumbed to the bullet wound inflicted by Southern sympathizer John Wilkes Booth the night before at Ford's Theater.

Even as a military honor guard escorted Lincoln's body back to the White House from the Tenth Street boarding house where he had died, Cabinet and other government officials began planning memorial tributes to the slain president that would surpass anything the nation previously had seen. On Tuesday, April 18 thousands of mourners filed through the East Room of the White House, where Lincoln's body lay in state beneath an imposing eleven-foot-high catafalque. The following morning six hundred invited guests attended a White House funeral service that was duplicated almost simultaneously in churches across the country. A huge procession then escorted Lincoln's remains up

**In an ironic postscript to Abraham
that he failed to enjoy in life
president's mortal remains for**



by Candace Fleming

Life's Fever

Pennsylvania Avenue to the Capitol rotunda, where all day Thursday thousands of additional mourners streamed past the open coffin.

On Friday morning the president's casket and that of his son Willie, who had died in the White House in 1862,* were placed aboard the nine-car funeral train that would carry them to Springfield, Illinois, the town that had been the Lincoln family's home from 1837 to 1861. All along the 1,700-mile route, somber crowds gathered to honor their fallen leader. In ten cities—Baltimore, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York, Albany, Buffalo, Cleveland, Columbus, Indianapolis, and Chicago—Lincoln's coffin was removed from the train for additional memorial processions, public viewing, and funeral services.

By the time the black-draped train arrived at its final destination on May 3, the nation's grief had reached fever pitch. Tens of thousands of visitors swarmed over Springfield, trampling lawns and rendering streets impassable.

Not one, but two gravesites awaited Lincoln at Springfield. When word first arrived in the state capital that its beloved native son's body would repose there, a group of leading citizens—ignoring Mary Todd Lincoln's instructions that her husband be interred in the quiet surroundings of Oak Ridge Cemetery two miles outside of town—purchased a six-acre site in the center of Springfield known as the Mather Block. Laboring night and day, workmen erected a stone vault there. But Mary Lincoln sent word by telegraph threatening to relocate the president's grave to Chicago or Washington, D.C. if her wishes were ignored. Town officials finally acquiesced to the widow's demands and two days before the funeral dispatched carpenters to prepare the pub-

*Eleven-year-old Willie previously had been buried in Georgetown's Oak Hill Cemetery.

**Lincoln's assassination, the peace
continued to elude the slain
decades following his death.**



lic receiving vault at Oak Ridge Cemetery.

On May 4, one more funeral procession—"the largest and most imposing ever witnessed in the United States"—escorted Lincoln's body from the Illinois capitol, where it had lain in state overnight, to the cemetery and its hillside receiving vault. Young Willie's casket already waited there.

Finally, nearly three weeks after the president's death, the last of twelve Lincoln funerals took place at the foot of the knoll that contained the limestone vault. Thousands of mourners, assembled in front of the tomb and on the slope beyond, sang a special hymn composed for the occasion and printed on black-edged cards: "Rest noble martyr; Rest in peace." But this fervent wish was not to be fulfilled.

Just six days after the funeral, a select group of Springfield citizens, banding themselves into the National Lincoln Monument Association, calmly proceeded with plans to move Lincoln's remains to the empty tomb in the center of Springfield. There they intended to build an elaborate monument—one so splendid that even Mary Lincoln could not object.

But object she did. Learning through the newspapers of Springfield's intentions, Lincoln's widow again threatened to remove the body from Springfield if the monument was not situated at Oak Ridge. The president, she argued, had once told her to bury him in a quiet, secluded place. While Oak Ridge met these criteria, the proposed downtown site hardly qualified.

At length, Springfield relented. With as good grace as it could muster, the city turned to Oak Ridge and began construction of a brick burial vault to serve as a temporary resting place until completion of the more elaborate permanent monument and crypt. Lincoln's body, along with those of his sons Willie and Eddie,* was placed in this repository on December 21, 1865. Six of the president's old friends, officiating as pallbearers at this transfer, opened the casket to view his remains before entombing the coffin.

Lincoln's body remained in the temporary vault for about six years while architects completed plans for the monument and committees raised the necessary funds. Then, in September 1871, hands again lifted his casket and those of Willie and Eddie and carried them to the catacombs of the partially completed hilltop structure. Another of Lincoln's sons already awaited his father and brothers; the monument's subterranean chambers had been so far advanced earlier that year that when eighteen-year-old Thomas ("Tad") died on July 15, Mary Lincoln had him interred there.

Lincoln's body lay undisturbed in its new resting place only a short time; before the end of 1871 the committee substituted a new iron coffin for the original mahogany one. This accomplished, the committee members now turned their attention to completing the monument, including installation of an elaborate marble sarcophagus in the north hall crypt. On October 21, 1874, all was ready for what they hoped would be the body's final placement.

*Eddie, who as a three-year-old had died in Springfield in 1850, had been exhumed from another Springfield cemetery and moved to Oak Ridge on December 13, 1865.

This latest gravesite, however, presented another problem. The iron coffin that in 1871 had replaced the original mahogany one was too long to fit into the sarcophagus. The committee again ordered a new casket, this time of red cedar, heavily lined with lead. Although no formal record was made of the body's identity, Thomas C. Smith, the presiding undertaker at the transfer, distinctly remembered the features as those of Abraham Lincoln.

With the monument finally completed and the martyred president's remains in their appointed place, it now appeared that the committee's work was done. But in 1876, Lincoln's body suffered a bizarre attack from an unexpected source—counterfeiters.

The printing of bogus bills long had been a major cottage industry in the U.S. When the Secret Service was organized in 1865 to "restore public confidence in the money," it was believed that as much as half of all currency in circulation was phony. Gangs of counterfeiters stretched across the country, reaching into even the smallest and most rural communities.

When Secret Service agents got wind of a group of counterfeiters who frequented a Chicago tavern called the "Hub," detective Patrick D. Tyrrell enlisted a professional informer and sometime petty crook—Lewis Swegles—to infiltrate their ranks and obtain evidence that might lead to their arrest. Swegles managed to befriend a notorious counterfeiter by the name of Jack Hughes, who so far had succeeded in avoiding apprehension.

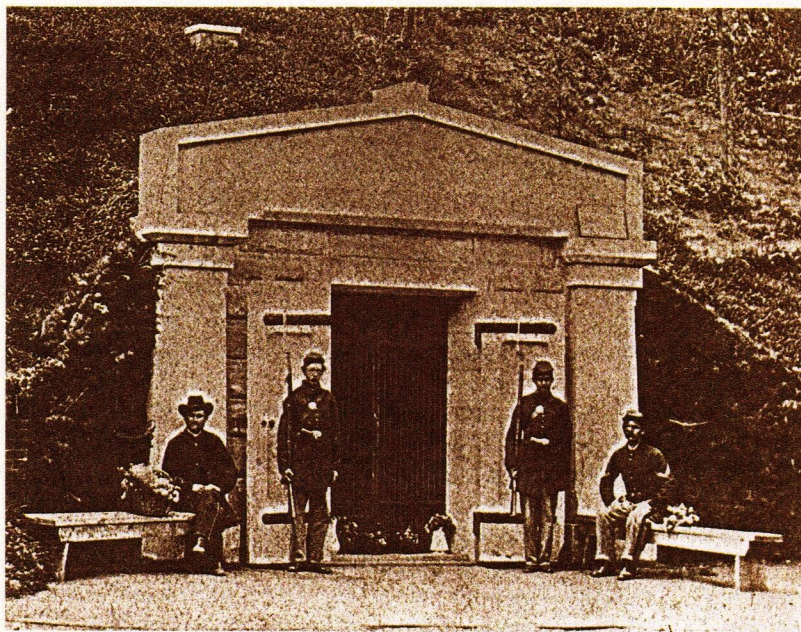
Although he at first obtained little information of value, Swegles eventually was asked by Hughes and the leader of the counterfeiters, Terrence Mullins, if he was interested in joining in a plot that would net a sizable amount of cash and the release from Illinois' Joliet Prison of Ben Boyd, an expert engraver whose talents they required. When Swegles agreed to join them, Mullins and Hughes outlined their plan to steal Abraham Lincoln's body from his Springfield resting place, hide it in the Indiana dunes on the shore of Lake Michigan, and hold it for a ransom that would include Boyd's freedom and at least \$200,000 in cash.

The conspirators chose November 7, 1876—election day—to carry out their morbid plot. It was, Swegles later said, considered "a damned elegant time to do it." The kidnappers expected few visitors to the cemetery that day because of the election-day activities in town.

Assigned to stand watch outside the burial chamber, Swegles arranged a signal—the striking of a match—with the Secret Service and police that would tell them when to converge on the perpetrators. But plans changed, and Swegles had to remain in the crypt, leaving the authorities, who were concealed about two hundred feet from the monument, waiting in vain for his sign. Finally, after gang members had sawed their way through the padlock that barred access to the crypt, entered the burial chamber, and were in the act of removing Lincoln's coffin from the sarcophagus, Swegles hurried outside on the pretext of checking on the horse and wagon and belatedly signaled the lawmen.

The agents dashed toward the crypt with pistols at the

Thousands of mourners at Abraham Lincoln's burial sang a hymn composed for the occasion: "Rest noble martyr; Rest in peace." But this fervent wish was not to be fulfilled.



Soldiers guard the Oak Ridge Cemetery's receiving vault at Springfield, Illinois—the site selected by Mary Lincoln for her slain husband's entombment on May 4, 1865. Six months after his interment, Lincoln's coffin was shifted to another temporary vault, where it remained until September 1871 when it was transferred to catacombs in the nearly completed hilltop Lincoln Monument. These were just the first moves in a troubled thirty-six-year odyssey for the president's mortal remains.

ready. Unfortunately, one of the guns accidentally discharged, alerting the thieves, who fled. Too late, the agents burst into the chamber. Nevertheless the grave robbers' grisly plot was thwarted; though they had succeeded in removing the top and one end of the marble sarcophagus and partially removed the coffin, Lincoln's body remained undisturbed.

The kidnappers raced all the way back to Chicago but were captured on November 16. Because prosecutors could find nothing in the Illinois statutes covering grave robbing, the thieves were convicted of conspiracy to steal the coffin, valued at \$75, and sentenced to one year at Joliet, where they joined Ben Boyd.

The week following the botched kidnap attempt was a nightmare for John T. Stuart, chairman of the Monument Association and Lincoln's former law partner. Realizing how unprotected the president's body really was and fearing further kidnap or vandalism attempts, he called an emergency meeting of the executive committee and laid before them the plan he had devised. The committee members would steal Lincoln's body themselves.

The next afternoon two workers arrived at the tomb. Under the direction of Adam Johnston, a local marble dealer, the workmen drew the coffin from the sarcophagus, covered it with a blanket, and moved it to the northwest curve of the burial chamber's wall, out of view of visitors. They then closed and sealed the sarcophagus as if the body still remained inside.

That same night after dark, Johnston returned to the tomb with three members of the association, joined by John C. Pow-

er, the monument's custodian. These five men removed the coffin from its earlier hiding place and, staggering beneath its immense weight, secreted it to the murky labyrinths beneath the terrace.

Because of the late hour, the committee members left the duty of burying the coffin to Power.

Excavating a hole in which to conceal the five-hundred-pound casket was difficult work. The catacombs were dark, poorly ventilated, and heavy with dust. In this atmosphere Power furtively dug. When he heard steps overhead, he hastily extinguished his lantern, greeted the visitors, and when alone again, returned to his thankless task.

The deeper the caretaker dug, the more obvious it became that this was an unsuitable burial site for the president. The ground, saturated from the leaking terrace above, grew increasingly wet as Power dug deeper. He eventually gave up and reported the situation to the committee, which decided to allow the coffin to remain within the labyrinth, concealed under a pile of rotting lumber.

For the next two years Lincoln's body lay under a heap of boards in the cellar while pilgrims from all over the world paid homage to the empty sarcophagus. The Monument Committee seemed content with this odd arrangement until the body of a prominent New York merchant was stolen, spurring Lincoln's guardians to take new safety precautions.

The Association now authorized the custodian to bury Lincoln's body more securely. Because the aged committeemen had disabled themselves carrying the heavy coffin two years earlier, Power enlisted new blood—five close and trusted friends—to help.

On the night of November 18, 1878, the six men dug Lincoln a new grave on drier ground within another of the monument's passageways. They deposited the coffin into this

shallow hole, then scattered debris and bricks over the top to conceal their work.

The intrigue of this task was not lost on these men. Deeply impressed by what they considered their sacred duty, they began to think of themselves as a secret society—the guardians of Lincoln's remains. For this reason they formed a very unique group known as the Lincoln Guard of Honor.

Unable to disclose their real activities, the guardians established memorial services on the anniversaries of Lincoln's birth and death to legitimize their public appearances. Members publicly proclaimed their reverence for Abraham Lincoln while privately protecting his remains.

Springfield first saw the Guard of Honor at Mary Todd Lincoln's funeral in July 1882, where they appeared in uniform to attend her placement in the crypts. But, like her husband, she wasn't destined to remain there long. Within two days, the Guard learned that Robert Todd Lincoln, the presidential couple's oldest and only surviving son, who knew and approved of the deception regarding Lincoln's remains, wanted his mother's body hidden with his father's.

At 10 P.M. on July 21, the guardsmen slipped the widow's coffin from its crypt and once again staggered through the pitch-black corridors of the monument with a double-lead coffin. By 2 A.M. Mrs. Lincoln lay beside her husband. The guardsmen limped sorely back to Springfield.

For their pains, the Guard of Honor received this message from Robert Lincoln: "The gentlemen of the Guard of Honor have laid me under a great obligation by carrying out the wish I expressed that my mother's body be placed beside my father's so that there can be no danger of a spoliation. It is a great satisfaction to know that such an act is now impossible and I think it will be best that no change be made for a long time to come."

Doubtless, no change would have been made if the custodian had not been so displeased with the undignified placement of the presidential remains. Additionally, rumors abounded that Lincoln's body actually had been lost and that the sarcophagus lay empty. When visitors to the monument prodded the custodian for the truth, he—obligated by his sacred duty as a Guardsman—gave ambiguous, evasive answers.

Empathizing with the custodian's awkward position and attempting to quash the growing suspicions, the executive committee of the Lincoln Monument Association determined in April 1887 to "definitely and finally deposit the remains within the monument."

For a week before the April 14 private ceremony—the twenty-second anniversary of the fatal shooting—masons prepared the new tomb to receive President and Mrs. Lincoln. Members of the Monument Association and the Guard of Honor, who received handwritten invitations from monument custodian John C. Power, were cautioned to "not on any account let a reporter" know of the exhumation. Those among the press who nonetheless caught wind of the activities found themselves barred from the cemetery. So tight was security that Leon P. Hopkins, a Springfield plumber charged with opening the casket so that the body's identity

could be verified, was not informed why he had been summoned to Oak Ridge until after his arrival.*

When the coffin was opened, the president's body appeared to be almost perfectly preserved. His distinctive features remained unchanged and easily recognizable despite the fact (as noted by many viewers in 1865) that his skin had turned almost black. In an article the next day the *Chicago Tribune* reported that Lincoln's face "is said to resemble that of the bronze statue on the monument."

After the plumber resoldered the lid, the guardsmen lowered the coffin into the prepared brick and mortar vault built in the center of the monument's north hall—"There," wrote Power, "to sleep for all time." Mrs. Lincoln's remains were then laid to rest beside her husband.

The next day, at the ceremony traditionally held to mark the anniversary of Lincoln's death, the Guard of Honor, believing the security of the graves was now established, handed over charge of the tomb to the Monument Association.**

Rest, however, continued to elude the hapless president. Power's estimate of "all time" turned out to be only thirteen years. In 1900 inspection of the monument revealed that it was crumbling from its foundations and would have to be rebuilt. Once again the Lincoln family coffins*** were exhumed, then transferred to a mass grave a few feet outside the tomb and reburied beneath nine tons of pulverized rock and brick until repair work on the monument could be completed.

On a gentle April morning in 1901, two hundred people—including surviving members of the Guard of Honor, members of the Lincoln family, Illinois governor Richard Yates, and other federal, state, and local officials—gathered at the reconstructed monument to witness workmen clear away the mountain of stone and brick heaped over the gravesite. Hushed and expectant, the crowd watched as a steam-powered crane lifted the caskets holding Mary Lincoln, her three sons, and her grandson from their temporary grave.

Finally, in late afternoon, President Lincoln's coffin was hoisted from the pit. Spectators, many openly emotional, removed their hats as the pine outer box was broken away to reveal the cedar coffin. Six workmen then carried the coffin to the refurbished monument, where it was sealed within the marble sarcophagus in exactly the same spot it had occupied in 1871.

Despite the installation of a burglar alarm that connected the tomb to the custodian's nearby residence, Robert Lincoln still feared for the security of his parents' remains. On a visit to the Springfield cemetery later that spring, he noted with concern that the sarcophagus holding his father's body re-

*Leon Hopkins later recalled that, despite precautions to keep the exhumation secret, security was breached when a pair of honeymooners wandered into the chamber where the invited guests were viewing the body.

**The Monument Association in turn handed over care of the tomb to the State of Illinois in 1895.

***A sixth body, that of Abraham and Mary Lincoln's sixteen-year-old grandson, Abraham Lincoln II ("Jack"), had joined those of other family members at Oak Ridge following his death in England in 1890.

Between his initial entombment in May 1865 and final burial in September 1901, Lincoln's body was moved more than a dozen times—and his coffin opened on several occasions.



A crowd watches the April 24, 1901 removal of six Lincoln family coffins from the temporary vault in which they had reposed during the fifteen-month-long reconstruction of the Lincoln Monument—the second-to-last of more than a dozen moves for Abraham Lincoln's remains. Finally, on September 26, 1901 his coffin was removed from a sarcophagus in the monument's crypt and embedded in cement below the floor—hopefully for all time beyond the reach both of desecraters and well-intentioned guardians.

been summoned from school by his father who knew that the event they were about to witness was one to be remembered.

remained vulnerable to desecration or theft, being separated from the public by only a padlocked iron gate. Thus, at Robert Lincoln's request—and following the example of the tomb devised four years before for one of his legal clients, industrialist and inventor George M. Pullman—the state engaged a construction company to excavate an eight-foot-square, ten-foot-deep hole in the crypt floor; surround the president's coffin with a steel cage; place cage and coffin in the hole on a twenty-inch base of Portland cement; and finally fill the remainder of the cavity with cement, creating a solid mass from which the casket never again could be removed.

On Thursday, September 26, 1901, all stood ready. A group of about twenty people assembled to see Abraham Lincoln again laid to rest. Given the thirty-six-year odyssey endured by the president's remains, someone suggested that it would be wise to look within the coffin one last time to confirm for history that they were indeed burying the late president. But Robert Lincoln already had given explicit instructions that the casket not be opened, leading many of those present to argue vigorously—but in the end unsuccessfully—against the suggestion.

Once again Leon Hopkins, the plumber who had performed the task in 1887, was summoned to open the casket. He brought with him Charles Willey, his nephew, to act as his assistant. The pair, equipped with blowtorch, chisels, and other tools, set about removing the top of the coffin over Lincoln's head and shoulders.

As they were working, thirteen-year-old Fleetwood Lindley arrived at the monument by bicycle. The son of Joseph P. Lindley, a member of the old Guard of Honor, Fleetwood had

Hopkins removed the piece covering Lincoln's head and chest, and the witnesses moved forward to peer into the coffin. Although the headrest had fallen away, throwing the late president's head back, and his skin now appeared a chalky white instead of the dark coloration seen fourteen years before (due, according to one account, to "a film that has crept over the face"), the body obviously was that of Abraham Lincoln.

Hopkins and Willey resealed the coffin for the last time, and Robert Lincoln's instructions were carried out. Workers lowered the casket into the cage and two tons of cement poured down, covering forever the man known to the ages as the Great Emancipator.

Members of the press, who had been excluded from the event, loudly denounced the opening of the coffin as an inappropriate and "grievous" act. But for Fleetwood Lindley it was, as his father had guessed, a memorable day. In 1963, shortly before his death at the age of seventy-five, Lindley told a *Life* magazine reporter that he had been "allowed to hold one of the leather straps as we lowered the casket for the concrete to be poured. I was not scared at the time but I slept with Lincoln for the next six months."

Now, more than ninety years after America's martyred sixteenth president was laid to rest for the last time, Duncan sleeps well in his grave. ★

Illinois resident Candace Fleming has written a number of articles for various national publications.

Lincoln's Tomb State Historic Site, located at Oak Ridge Cemetery, 1500 Monument Avenue, Springfield, Illinois, annually hosts more than three hundred thousand visitors. The monument is open to the public daily from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

"Welcome Eek!"



The author recalls the day her French village was liberated by "les américains."

by Claire Hsu Accomando

In 1944 I was seven years old and never had seen an American. After the momentous D-Day landing at Normandy on June 6 of that year, the people of Rahon, our tiny French village located about two hundred miles southeast of Paris, expected Allied commander Dwight D. Eisenhower to march through the streets at any time. We wanted to make a good impression, and the mayor asked Mama, who spoke English, to give the villagers language lessons. Each Sunday after mass he opened the girls' classroom for this purpose. We couldn't pronounce "Eisenhower" so we called the famous American general by his nickname; Mama wrote on the board, "Welcome Ike." We repeated several times after her: "Welcome Eek."

I was not totally ignorant about America. I knew about Indians and pioneers from the "Leatherstocking" tales Mama read to us during the long winter evenings. I also had heard of Tom Sawyer and "Ucleberi Finne." Most of all I cherished the adventures of Jo March in *Little Women*. But I didn't know anything about American soldiers.

"What will the Americans be like?" I asked Mama.

"Very much like Frenchmen; perhaps taller."

"How much taller?"

"Just a little. Maybe even the same size, but Frenchmen don't stand up straight. They tend to walk with bent knees."

"What?" The Americans didn't bend their knees? My five-year-old brother Louis and I walked around the kitchen with wooden legs.

"No, no, no! That's not what I mean," responded Mama. But no matter how she explained it, we now had a new pastime and spent long periods practicing our "American" walk.

One afternoon Louis and I dressed as Indians, with rooster feathers in our hair and our faces painted with a mixture of clay and chalk dust. We looked fearful, as we imagined Indians might. While we were playing, the sound of pounding hooves on the dirt road caused us to drop our weapons and run out of the corn forest. In the street a crowd had gathered around a man on horseback from another village. We stopped a fair distance from the horse.

"Les américains! . . . Les américains!" the man wheezed with excitement.

I raced home *ventre à terre* (belly to the ground), yelling in a high-pitched voice, "Hurry, you'll miss the Americans." I ran out again, my mother and grandmother following.

The American Army was already in sight. One, two, three, four strange cars.

"Djips" (Jeeps), Mama explained. Narrowly avoiding collisions, the Jeeps came to screechy stops one behind the other.

The American soldiers had wonderful smiles, and their arms and legs protruded through the openings of their cars. One had hair the color of rust and matching spots on his face and hands. The others looked almost like Frenchmen.

The soldiers jumped out of their vehicles and shook hands with the farmers. The weeks Mama had spent teaching us English seemed to have been wasted. I didn't hear a single "Rao dou iou dou?" ("How do you do?") or "Velcome tou Rahon"—the words we had rehearsed. I was embarrassed for Mama and ashamed for the whole village. Worse yet, instead of smiling, many of the women were now wiping their eyes with their aprons while the men cleared their throats. At least the children had dignity.

My brother pulled me aside. "Their legs bend, just like ours," he said.

Any embarrassment that I might have suffered for our village disappeared when Mama spoke English. She invited the men to our house for a drink.

"They have a schedule and they are late," she told us, "but they'll stop on their way back."

This announcement inspired a round of applause.

The tall soldiers had warm, comfortable voices and huge hands. Unlike the Germans, they wore no gloves or boots, but their uniforms had a thousand pockets. They chose children from the crowd and, lifting them as if they were weightless, placed them on the seats of the Jeeps. One even lifted up my eight-year-old friend Marie Louise. I smiled until my clay "Indian mask" cracked, but I wasn't picked.

My disappointment must have shown because the rust-haired soldier said "Attendez!" and ran his large flat hands over the pockets of his pants and jacket.

Then he reached in and, extracting a treasure, handed me a narrow rectangle of folded green and white paper.

The Americans jumped into their Jeeps without opening any doors and maneuvered slowly through the crowd before suddenly accelerating and throwing the chickens into a panic. As the engines roared we saw the soldiers turn and wave to us through a cloud of dust and feathers.

My classmates stood around me. I



felt the emotion of the moment and a lump struggled in my throat. The wrapper slipped off my gift, revealing a folded silver paper. I opened it with trembling hands. It contained a pink rubber strip that smelled funny. Friends Roger and Marie Louise bent over it.

"What is it?" they asked.

"Schwingomme," Nani, my grandmother answered.

"What do I do with it?" I whispered.

"Put it in your mouth but don't eat it. I think."

"Schwingomme," I said triumphantly, showing off the pink rectangle. It was wider than my mouth.

"Fold it and put it in your mouth," Nani whispered.

Carefully I bent the gum and placed it in my mouth.

"Now chew," she instructed.

I chewed and chewed as my friends watched me enviously. I also smiled. Finally, when my jaws became so tired that I could hardly talk, I asked my grandmother if I could stop.

"Yes, of course. Just roll the gum into a ball and tuck it in a clean corner of your hanky, so you'll have it for the rest of the week." (On the second day, most of the bad flavor was gone. On the fourth day it became impossible to separate the gum from the handkerchief, so I placed both in my sugar bank to show Papa at the end of the war.)

To make sure the Americans wouldn't miss our house, we carried the kitchen table into the courtyard under the linden tree. Mama brought out a tablecloth, a bottle of *eau de vie* (brandy), and a tray of thin glasses. We waited.

Hours later, at dusk, we heard the sound of motors. Mama opened the bottle. The Jeeps zoomed through the village at full speed. They didn't stop. The soldiers gave no indication they recognized the house where the "water of life" was waiting.

"I guess they have a schedule," Mama said sadly.

"We'll just have to celebrate without them," my grandmother said. She instructed me to "go fetch the neighbors."

I ran across the street and climbed the stone steps to the post office. Monsieur Benoit buttoned his leather vest and, flattening his hair with saliva, said he was ready. His wife took the village phone off the hook. (It had rung once last month; it might ring again this month.) Politely I walked behind them. The mayor already had stepped over the narrow drainage ditch that separated our houses.

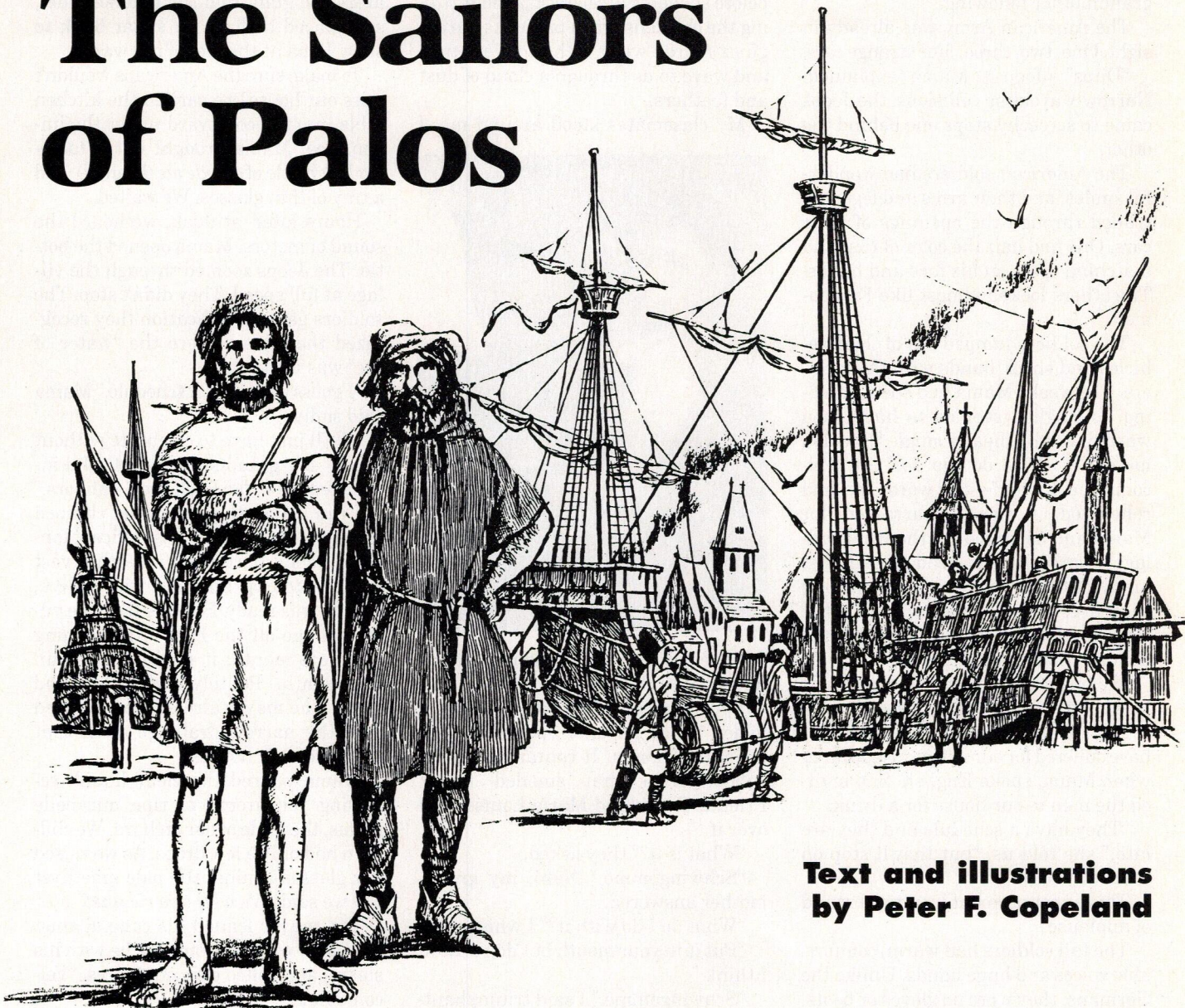
Mama poured the clear liquid, releasing the aroma of ripe mirabelle plums, the pride of our orchard. We children had only a few drops. As we raised our glasses against the pale amethyst sky we said: "*Vive les américains!*"

The mayor leaned his cane against the table, wiped his moustache with his sleeve, and yelled over our voices, "Velcome Eek!"

"Velcome Eek!" we echoed loudly so that the American general could hear us, wherever he was. ★

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The Sailors of Palos



**Text and illustrations
by Peter F. Copeland**

When Christopher Columbus's two surviving ships arrived back in Europe from the New World in March 1493, the Admiral of the Ocean Sea returned to lasting but troubled fame. But the mariners who had accompanied him across unknown seas and through storm and shipwreck remained virtually forgotten to history. Here an artist-historian tells us who some of these sailors were and what their seafaring lives were like.

It was early March 1493, and the great voyage was nearly over. En route back to Spain from the far-off Indies, the storm-beaten *Niña*, flagship of Christopher Columbus, had put into Lisbon. Her consort, the original flagship *Santa María*—or what was left of her—lay shattered on a reef off the island of Hispaniola.*

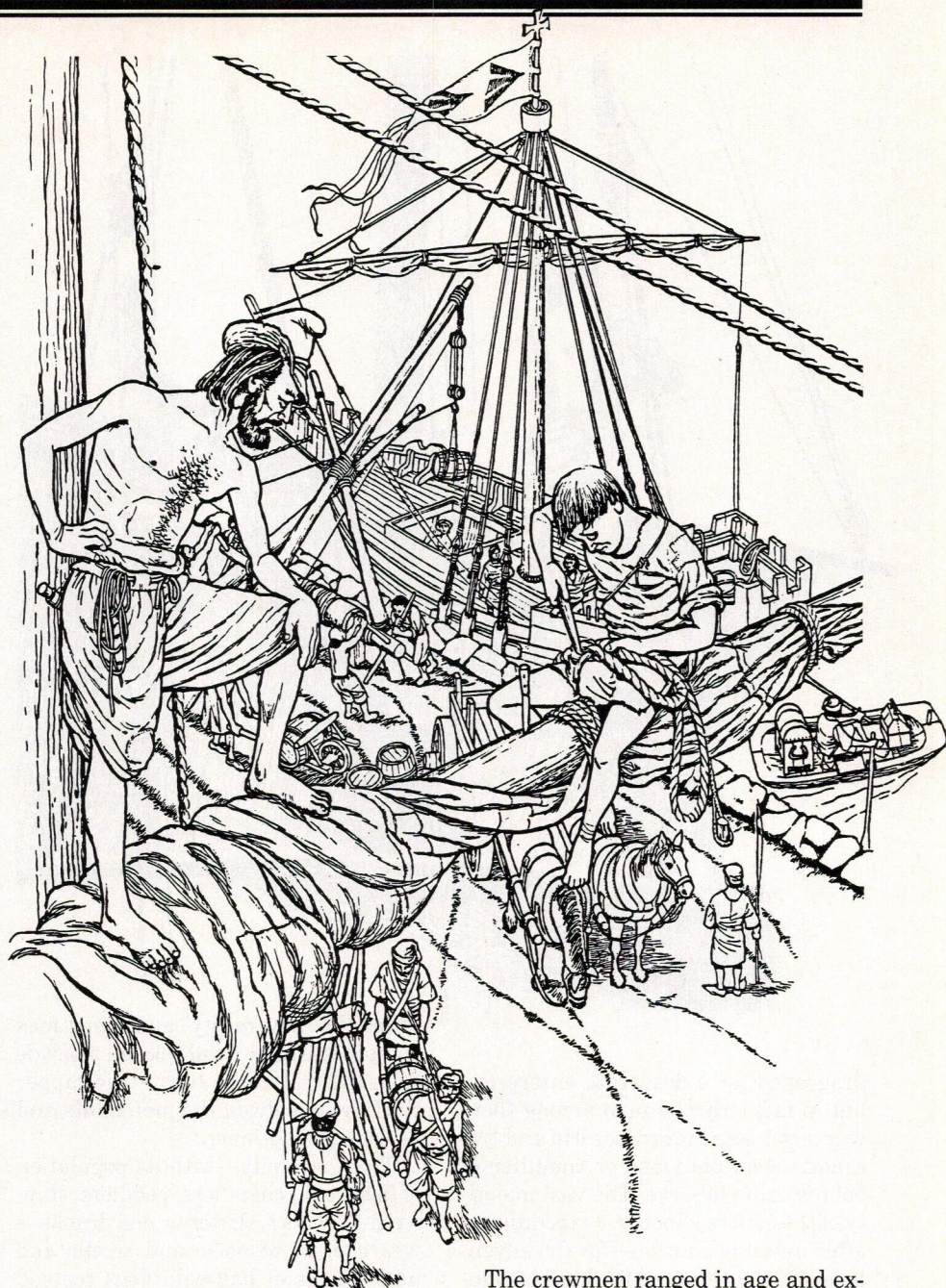
The *Niña*'s sailors were at work, repairing and renewing their weathered ship, and anticipating a speedy return to Spain and their home port of Palos. They had little time to speculate on the fate of the *Pinta*, the sister caravel last seen one stormy night a month before in mid-ocean.** There was much to be done. A new set of sails must be laid out, cut, and sewn. Running rigging must be renewed; standing rigging needed repair. Already shoreside carpenters were measuring and sawing aloft and on deck, while caulkers worked at sealing the leaky hull. Other sailors turned-to to clean and wash down the hold. Soon they would load sacks and barrels of stones from the banks of the River Tagus, to be packed as ballast in the now lightly laden vessel.

Within a few days, news of Columbus's epochal seven-month voyage and discovery of a sea route across the Western Ocean to the Indies and far Cathay would begin to reverberate across Portugal and Spain, and indeed be trumpeted throughout Europe. Greeted as a hero by all who heard of his enterprise, the admiral already basked in his celebrity. It was, at least for the moment, everything for which the determined explorer could hope.

Columbus returned to Europe in 1493 to lasting but troubled fame for achievements that still cast an imposing shadow today, five hundred years later. But what of the nearly ninety officers and sailors who accompanied him across unknown seas, enduring storm and shipwreck? Unlike Columbus, his mariners have passed the succeeding centuries in virtual obscurity. Who were these sailors and what were their lives like—both in port and during their odyssey of discovery?

*On Christmas Eve 1492, as the flagship sailed along the coast of Hispaniola, Columbus, who had been on deck for several days, went below for a few hours of sleep. The night being fine and the sea calm, the officer of the watch also went below, and the watch on deck settled down to sleep—with the helmsman (disobeying the admiral's standing orders) leaving the tiller in the hands of one of the ship's boys. During the night, with the youth at the helm, the *Santa María* went aground on a coral bank, wedging in so firmly that all efforts to kedge her off proved fruitless. Her seams eventually opened and she had to be abandoned.

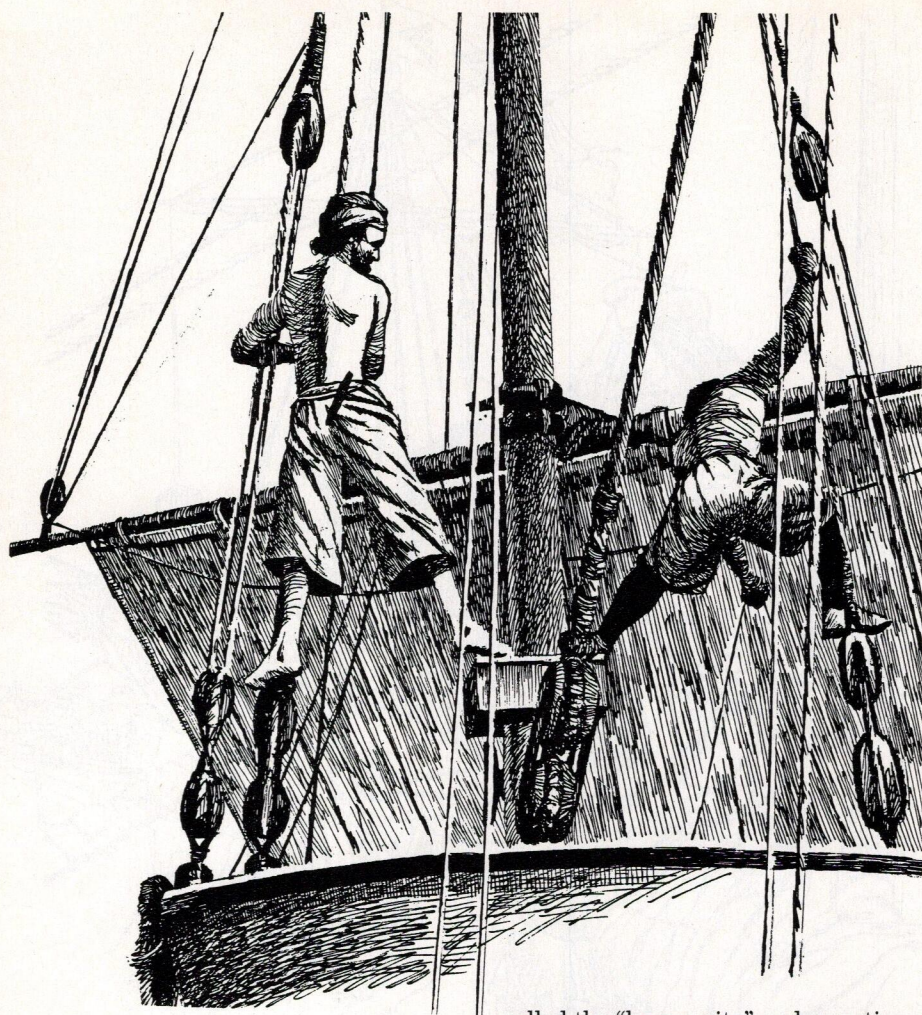
**The two ships and their crews were unexpectedly reunited on March 15, when both entered the harbor of Palos on the same tide.



Most of the men and boys who signed on for the Voyage of Discovery during the summer of 1492 came from Palos and the other seaside towns and villages of Andalusia in southern Spain. A few, however, were Basques and Galicians from the northern part of the country, and five—a Portuguese, a Venetian, a Calabrian, and two Genoese—were foreigners.

The crewmen ranged in age and experience from seasoned veterans of the sea accustomed to the rigors of shipboard life to youths no older than twelve years of age. They included skilled specialists such as boatswains, carpenters, caulkers, coopers, gunners, pilots, stewards, and surgeons, as well as untrained boys.

Legend suggests that Columbus's sailors were criminals and convicts,



dragooned for a desperate enterprise, but in fact only one man among them was a convicted murderer. He and two cohorts were pardoned on condition of volunteering to serve. The vast majority of the sailors joined the expedition—after initial hesitation—for the adventure of the voyage and the hope of gaining riches in the far-off Indies.

Strange and picturesque to the shore-folk he encountered, the seaman of Columbus's time lived apart in his own world of ships and seaports. He had been to distant lands and seen fascinating sights. He wore odd clothes and spoke a language that sounded peculiar and sometimes even incomprehensible.

To landsmen unfamiliar with the fifteenth-century sailor's world, the bustling seaports he frequented must have seemed exciting and exotic places. In many harbors the waterfront itself was

called the "lowere city" and sometimes was separated by a tall wooden palisade from the rest of the town—the "upper city"—where dwelt the merchants and well-to-do tradesmen.

This lower city—with its population of fisherfolk, chandlers, peddlers, shipwrights, rogues, slatterns, and drunks—was a place of noise and smells and mud. Packs of half-wild dogs roamed through the narrow, filthy alleys that led down to the ships. The air was filled with the raw stench of hides, fish, and sewage and the sounds of wine vendors, soap sellers, and other street peddlers crying their wares. Here, too, one might hear the chanted prayers of a black-robed priest—his pious petitions for the mariners laboring on the seas occasionally interrupted by songs and shouts emanating from nearby taverns.

The waterfront itself was crowded with merchants, beggars, sailors, and itinerant laborers looking for odd jobs. Ships at the quayside loaded and discharged such cargoes as fish, salt, oil, grain, wine,

and hides. Windlasses cracked and groaned as gangs of chantey-singing sailors, clad only in wide-bottomed underdrawers, strained at the capstan bars.

Some of the vessels anchored in the harbor or tied alongside the wharves might have hailed from such far-off places as Denmark and Egypt. Most were lateen-rigged caravels built in western Andalusia—familiar sights along the shores of Spain, Portugal, and throughout the Mediterranean.

A large three-masted deep-sea ship loading horses through a side-port opening also might be seen on the waterfront, tied up alongside tiny coastal trading vessels manned by crews of two men each, or near a fishing boat newly arrived from Iceland and deeply laden with a cargo of dried codfish. Here also might be a ship-of-war, with banners fluttering from her fore and aft castles, taking aboard chests of arms and casks of salt-meat and wine.

Columbus's flagship *Santa María* was a Gallician-built *nao*—a round-bellied, three-masted, square-rigged former merchantman of the type commonly seen in the Mediterranean. Heavy and unwieldy, she measured about eighty-five feet long, had a beam of thirty feet, and displaced more than one hundred tons. Columbus called her "a dull sailor, and unfit for discovery." During the voyage of discovery the *Santa María* shipped a crew of forty men and boys.

The *Niña* and *Pinta* both were caravels, small, lightly-built, broad-bowed vessels that had begun life as lateen-rigged ships with no square sails—a typical Mediterranean rig. Both ultimately were re-rigged as *caravela redondas*, with square sails on the fore and mainmasts, and lateen sails on their mizzens. The *Niña* had a fourth mast aft of the mizzen, called a *bonaventura* mast, upon which was shipped a smaller lateen sail; it is possible that the *Pinta* did also. The *Niña* was about sixty-seven feet long, with a beam of twenty-one feet; tradition tells us that the *Pinta* was somewhat larger. The *Niña* carried a crew of twenty-four men and boys, and the *Pinta* shipped twenty-six crewmen.

A typical merchant ship of the era was described as a "grim and dark city, full of bad odors, filth, and uncomfortable living

conditions." At sea the vessel's masts and hull creaked and groaned continually as, with her short keel and round bilges, she pitched and rolled heavily even in a moderate sea. Built with timber from the high Pyrenees, Columbus's ships were fastened with wooden pegs and hand-wrought iron spikes, and they leaked like weathered wash-tubs.

The captain of a Spanish ship of the fifteenth century was commander of the vessel and crew, but not necessarily a seaman. He might be a military officer of the crown, a member of a noble family, or, like Columbus, the holder of a Royal Commission that in Columbus's case declared him "Captain General" of the fleet as well as captain of the *Santa María*.

Second to the captain in line of command stood the master—the man who actually supervised the operation of the ship. He was an experienced seaman in overall charge of each day's sailing, getting the vessel underway, stowing cargo, and anchoring. Sometimes the master also was the ship's captain; occasionally he was its owner as well.

Below the master was the first mate or pilot (*piloto* in Spanish), the navigation officer responsible to the master for the operation of the ship and the work of the seamen. He was, ideally, an experienced ship handler, wise in the ways of the weather, the tides, and the sea. The pilot brought aboard with him such navigational materials as charts, compass, sandglasses, astrolabe or quadrant, and sounding leads. Both master and pilot received a rate of pay about twice that of the sailors.

The *Santa María*, as flagship of Columbus's expedition, carried several additional officials to fulfill special assignments. There was an interpreter to converse with the Asians the explorer expected to meet; a secretary of the fleet to record the discovery of new lands that might be found and claimed; and two royal agents to note expenses and take charge of the Crown's portion of any treasure recovered. There were also a comptroller of the fleet and a silversmith.

Also serving aboard the *Santa María* was the *alguazil de la armada*, or marshal of the fleet. Each of the two other vessels had a marshal of the ship. These men were responsible for maintaining discipline and administering punish-

ment as required.

A surgeon aboard each vessel served the medical needs of the crew, and a steward was responsible for the food stores, firewood, water, and wine. The steward saw to trimming and maintaining lamps and tending the fires over which hot meals were prepared.

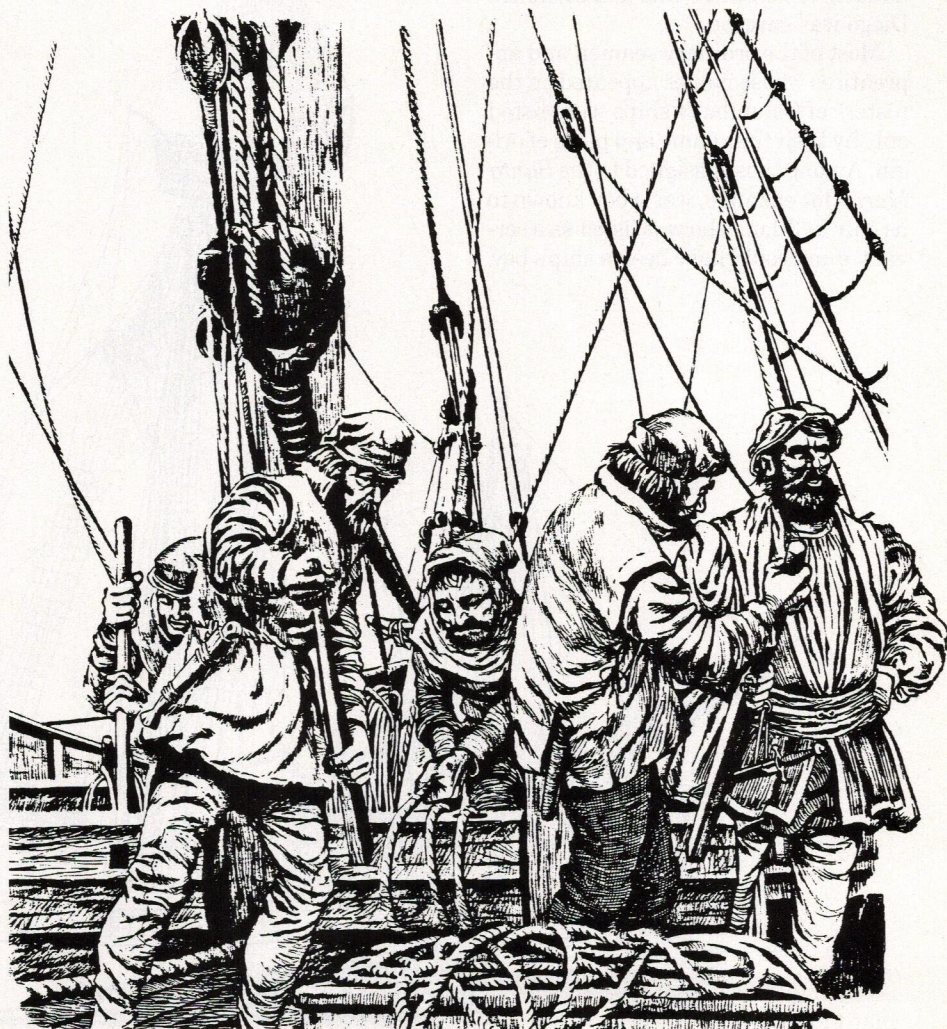
Equal in rank with the steward was the boatswain, who led the seamen in their daily tasks and who reported to the mate. The boatswain carried out the orders of the master and mate in the stowing of cargo; he continually inspected masts, spars, rigging, and sails for wear and repair; and he had charge of all the ship's cable and lines. He also was responsible for keeping the deck clean and shipshape; for maintaining the good condition of the ship's boat; and for making sure that the galley fire was put out each night.

Next below the steward and boatswain were the ship's petty officers, or

oficiales—sailors who practiced special trades such as carpentry, caulking, or cooperage. The caulker, responsible for keeping the deck and hull watertight, had a store of rope yarn, oakum, tallow, oil, pitch, scupper nails, and lead sheets for stopping leaks. He also was in charge of the ship's pumps. The cooper had the important job of making up, caulking, and repairing the ship's casks and barrels, buckets, tubs, hogsheads, and other such wooden containers—all vital for the storage of water, wine, and oil.

Next in this shipboard hierarchy were the experienced seamen or *marineros*, and finally, at the bottom, the apprentices and boys or *grumetes*. There were twenty-six watch-standing sailors aboard the *Santa María*, fourteen aboard the *Niña*, and fifteen aboard the *Pinta*.

Columbus was captain of the *Santa*



María as well as admiral of the fleet. The ship's owner, Juan de la Cosa, sailed as master, with Peralonso Niño as his mate. Juan Sánchez was surgeon, and Pedro de Terreros was Columbus's personal steward. Diego de Arana was marshal of the fleet, and Rodrigo de Escobedo was secretary or *escrivano* of the armada. Luis de Torres, a converted Jew, was the official interpreter. He spoke Hebrew, Aramaic, and some Arabic.

Thirty-year-old Vicente Yáñez Pinzón was captain of the *Niña*, and Juan Niño was master. Sancho Ruiz de Gama served as pilot; Bartolomé García was the boatswain; and Alonso de Moguer was surgeon.

Martín Alonzo Pinzón—brother of Vicente—was captain of the *Pinta*, and his other brother Francisco Martín Pinzón sailed as master. Cristóbal García Sarmiento was pilot, and Juan Quintero was boatswain. García Fernández was steward, and a man named Diego was surgeon.

Most of the ordinary seamen and apprentices whose names appeared on the rosters of Columbus's ships were listed only by their first name and place of origin. Among those assigned to the *Santa María*, for example, was a boy known to us only as Juan, who was listed as a servant. Juan could have been a ship's boy,

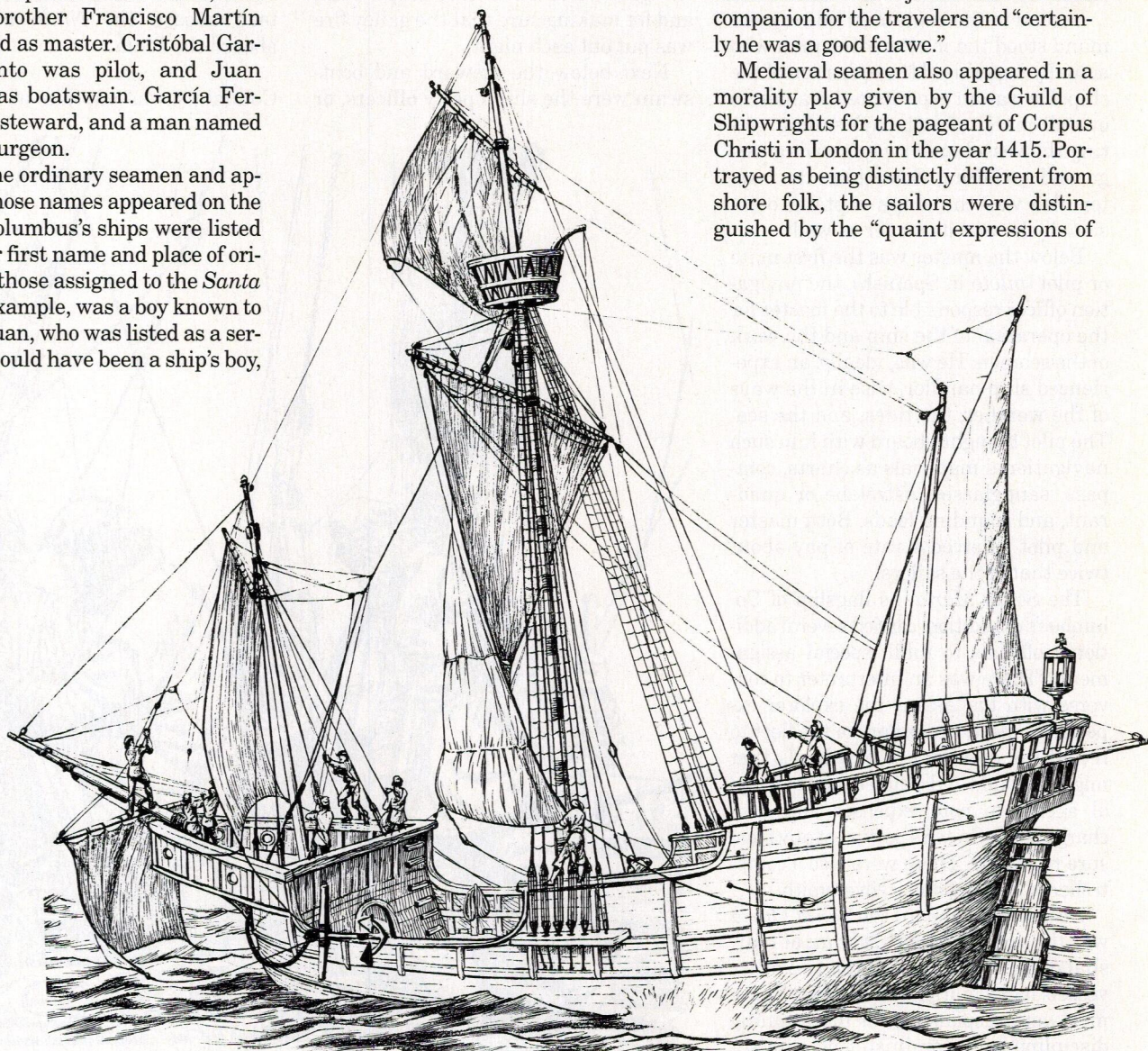
an apprentice seaman, or the personal servant of one of the officials aboard the ship. Probably coming from a village in Andalusia, he may have been recommended by a brother or cousin among the members of the crew. His parents could have been peasants who worked the stony coastal land, or possibly fisherfolk. In any case, the social standing of Juan's family would have been very near the bottom of medieval society.

The average seafarer of Columbus's time was illiterate, as were the great majority of people ashore. His life expectancy was short due to his exposure to the perils of the sea, warfare, and waterfront life. Accustomed to coping with primitive conditions, he was tough and

cynical, with not much respect for the law but a realistic fear of the strong arm of authority.

Sailors are mentioned briefly here and there in the reminiscences of travelers of the medieval world—ship's passengers, pilgrims, merchants, and clerics. They also appear in some of the works of authors and playwrights of the day. In his *Canterbury Tales*, fourteenth-century writer Geoffrey Chaucer described a "shipman" who was traveling to the shrine to make a votive offering, perhaps in obedience to a vow made in time of peril on the sea. The sailor's rough and homely attire, his awkwardness on horseback, his weather-beaten complexion, and his seafaring speech made him a subject of jest to his fellow pilgrims. He nevertheless was a jovial and welcome companion for the travelers and "certainly he was a good felawe."

Medieval seamen also appeared in a morality play given by the Guild of Shipwrights for the pageant of Corpus Christi in London in the year 1415. Portrayed as being distinctly different from shore folk, the sailors were distinguished by the "quaint expressions of



THE "SANTA MARÍA."

their profession," their rough and boisterous humor, and their contempt for the soft and sheltered life of their shore-side cousins.

Superstitious, as so many seafarers through the ages have been, the typical sailor of Columbus's time deeply believed in omens and portents of doom. He accepted the existence of gigantic sea monsters that lived far out in the depths of the unknown ocean. He looked with a child's eyes upon odd things seen in far places and had a great faith in the miraculous. Anything that frightened him or seemed unexplainable, he believed to be of supernatural origin. If a strange bird alighted upon his ship, he took it as an unfavorable omen; and he feared the presence on board of a priest or woman as a sure way to raise up the devil. One medieval ocean traveler recalled that "during the night hours when the wind was high, the sailors would think they could hear sirens singing, wailing and jeering, like insolent men in their cups."

Columbus's sailors were as superstitious as any. They had been skeptical and uneasy about this voyage of exploration to the far Indies. There were old-timers among them who had sailed down the African coast to Guinea and out into the Western Ocean to the Canary Islands and the Azores. They knew that the Portuguese had sailed far reaches of the Atlantic in quest of the mythical islands of Brazil, Antilla of the Seven Cities, and the fabled isles of St. Brendan, but without success.

The same circumstances that made the sailor prone to superstition tended to make him more religious than his kinfolk ashore. His religious convictions conformed to a deeply devout though violent and authoritarian period. The cruelty and amorality of his time did not shake his belief in the existence of an avenging deity or in the strict authority of the Holy Church.

Although lacking in formal education, the able-bodied sailor of the fifteenth century was proficient at the peculiar skills of his trade through years of apprenticeship. He had to be able to steer at the tiller, splice line, caulk seams, make and mend sails, take accurate

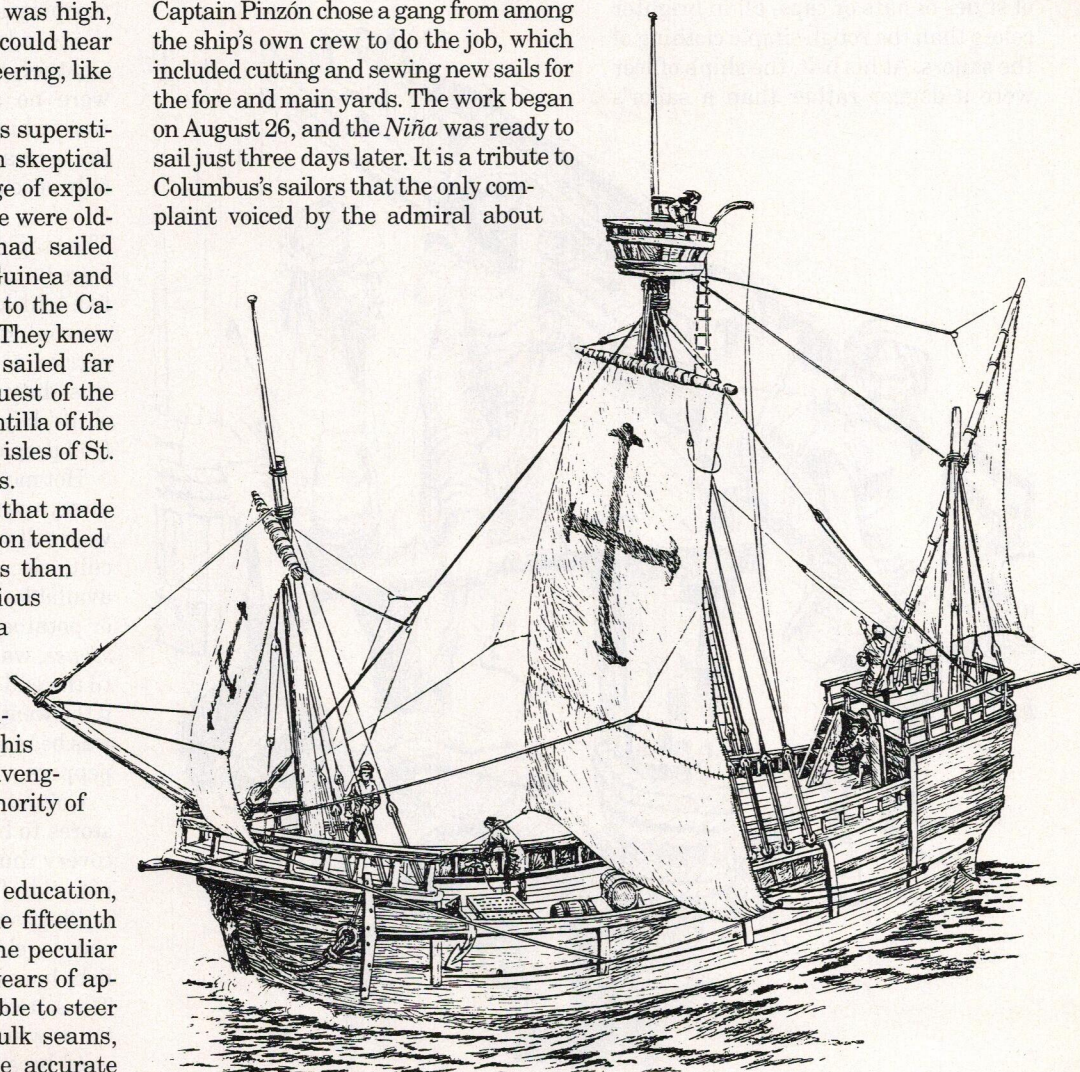
soundings, and be adept at small-boat handling. He was required, among his other duties, to work at loading and discharging the ship's cargo and to make and take in sail in all weather. He had to be familiar with the process of weighing and letting go the anchors and of securing them when brought aboard. He also had to be fairly skilled at rough carpentry and to be practiced in the use of weapons and in gunnery, for he would be called upon to defend his ship in time of need. Hardy and strong, he was as agile as a monkey; when going aloft he often climbed hand-over-hand up the lines of the standing rigging.

The sailors of Columbus proved as talented as any in the skills of the *marinero*. Before the expedition departed from the Canary Islands on its outbound voyage, Columbus decided to convert the *Niña* from a lateen to a square rig. With no shipyards or skilled artisans available, Captain Pinzón chose a gang from among the ship's own crew to do the job, which included cutting and sewing new sails for the fore and main yards. The work began on August 26, and the *Niña* was ready to sail just three days later. It is a tribute to Columbus's sailors that the only complaint voiced by the admiral about

poor workmanship concerned the shipwrights of Palos, whose faulty caulking caused the *Niña* and *Pinta* to leak badly.

The clothing of Columbus's sailors was simple and their possessions few. Typical garb consisted of wide-bottomed knee-length breeches; a loose-fitting hooded blouse of coarse linen or old sail cloth; and, perhaps, a sleeveless vest-like overgarment slit at the sides and tied with laces. Although the sailor sometimes wore stockings and shoes, in milder climes he usually went barefoot. Most seamen wore red woolen stocking caps of the type made in Toledo. Columbus gave several of these caps as gifts to the natives he encountered in the New World.

The Spanish seaman's foul-weather garment has been described as a brown



THE "PINTA."

cloth robe or overcoat called *papahigo* or "storm sail" in sailors' slang, that resembled the habit of the Franciscan friars. This, the sea gown worn by mariners all over western Europe, was the distinctive garment that identified them as seafarers. Chaucer's shipman of the *Canterbury Tales*, for example, wore "a gown of falding (a coarse cloth) to the knee." This, plus the pilgrim's habit of wearing his sailors' knife hung from a thong slung over his shoulder, marked him as a seaman in the eyes of his fellow travelers.

The sailor tightened his sea gown at the waist with a belt or perhaps a bit of ships' hempen line; when working on deck he often knotted the front or tucked it through his waist belt to keep it out of the way.

Ships' officers wore cloaks, jackets, or doublets of cloth or dressed leather that laced down the front; hose and a variety of styles of hats or caps, all in brighter colors than the rough simple clothing of the sailors. At his belt, the ship's officer wore a dagger rather than a sailor's

sheath knife. At sea the officers sometimes reverted, in part at least, to more common sailors' garb. Columbus is reported habitually to have worn a brown sea gown, which was mistaken by some observers as being the hooded brown habit of a Franciscan monk. It is interesting that a man so vain of his rank and titles would choose to wear a garment so rough and uncouth in medieval eyes.

Sleeping and sanitary accommodations aboard Columbus's ships were primitive. The captain and sailing master probably had small cabins, each barely large enough to contain a narrow wooden bunk. Other officers slept on mattresses under the quarterdeck, forward of the helmsman. When not in use, the mattresses were rolled up in grass sacks and lashed along the bulwarks.

The ordinary sailors generally had to

sleep in the open on the cambered deck, where hatch covers offered the only flat surfaces and coils of line served as pillows—or if more fortunate, to huddle under the shelter of the forecabin. On many vessels of that time the sailors were forbidden to sleep in the protection of the ship's hold, even during stormy weather, as it would take too long to roust them out in an emergency. In the *Santa María*, with her large crew, this rule may not have been enforced.

To relieve a call of nature the sailor had to swing up over the bulwarks and hang in the rigging over the ship's lee side, "making reverence to the sun," as the saying was, and hope that he would not be swept away by a visiting wave. The lower rigging had to be washed down each day as a consequence of this necessity.

When the ship was becalmed, the men might bathe themselves on deck, scooping up sea water in buckets; the more adventurous might, in calm weather, even go over the side if there were no sharks about. Most sailors wore whiskers or a full beard, because the average man of that day shaved only once a week if he shaved at all.

The staples of the Spanish sailor's diet were hard biscuit; bacon; salt meat and fish; chick peas and beans; garlic and olive oil; rice and raisins. No cook was carried to prepare the sailors' meals; this duty probably fell to one of the ships' boys. The officers ate aft, their food prepared by the captain's servant.

Hot meals, when they were available, always were soups or stews prepared with salt meat or fish, broken ship's biscuit, rice, and whatever spices were available, with rare additions of onions or potatoes. One such stew, called *lob-scouse*, was eaten by seafaring men until the end of the age of sail. On Fridays, if the weather held, the sailors' hot meal was bean soup seasoned with garlic and peppers.

Columbus described his idea of the stores to be carried on a voyage of discovery thus: good biscuit seasoned and not old, flour salted at the time of milling, wine, salt meat, oil, vinegar, cheese, chick peas, lentils, beans, salt fish, honey, rice, almonds, and raisins. The salted flour could be mixed with water or wine, made into cakes of unleavened bread, and baked in the ashes at



the bottom of the open iron firebox in which the hot meals were prepared. This primitive stove, called a *fogón*, was brought up from below in fair weather and set on deck near the lee rail. The fire was kindled upon a bed of earth or sand that covered the bottom of the firebox. Supplies of firewood were stowed in every available corner of the ship.

When conditions permitted, a hot meal was prepared before noon so that the watch below could eat before turning to and the watch on deck could dine after being relieved. Gathering around the smoking firebox, the hungry sailors extended their bowls for stew or soup and then found a place on the crowded, cluttered deck or on the hatch. Sprawling or kneeling or sitting as conditions allowed, and with a knife their only utensil, they ate "from their lap" in the fashion of the poor folk in the Middle Ages. As one observer noted, they "pull out their knives of different shapes made to kill hogs or skin lambs or for cutting bags, and then grab in their hands the poor bones and peel them clean of their sinews and meat as if all their lives they had practiced anatomy in Guadelupe or Valencia. In a prayer, they leave them clean as ivory."

It did not take many days at sea for the food supplies to become wormy and rancid in the damp shipboard environment. And the casks of fresh water soon became foul and stinking—though when laced with wine the brackish liquid became at least barely palatable. Sometimes sailors carried their ration below decks to eat in the dark—to avoid seeing the maggots that infested it.

To supplement their diets, the sailors caught fish as often as possible. On Columbus's outward voyage, when supplies were still relatively plentiful and fresh, such catches were a luxury. During the return, however, they became a dire necessity. The admiral recorded in his *Diario* on January 25—more than three weeks before reaching the Azores—that the crew of the *Niña* had "killed a porpoise and a tremendous shark . . . [they] had quite some need of it because they were carrying nothing to eat except bread and wine and yams from the Indies."

Mariners marked the passage of time at sea with the turning of a sandglass, which was done by an apprentice sea-



man. As the sand ran out at the end of each half-hour, the helmsman rang a bell to remind the apprentice to turn the glass. This was the origin of the ship's-bell time used to this day.

With each turning of the glass during the night watch, the *grumete* called out to the lookout in the masthead "*Ah! de proa! Alerta, buena guardia!*" to which the lookout called back "*Buena guardia!*" to prove he was awake—a procedure still followed aboard some merchant ships in recent times.

Ceremony and formality accompanied the passage of each watch at sea. Just before sundown and before the first night watch, the crew was called to evening

prayers. An apprentice carried the binnacle lamp aft along the deck, singing "Amen and God give us a good night and a good sailing. May the ship make a good passage, captain and master and good company." Then the apprentices led the sailors in prayer, chanting the *Pater Noster*, the *Ave Maria*, and the *Credo*, after which all hands sang the *Salve Regina*. For the sailors these chanted rituals of the church were comforting and expected, their only link to their distant homeland.

The night watches also had their moments of formal spoken reverence, as described by Felix Fabri, a traveler of 1480: "When the wind is quite fair and not too strong all is still save only he

who watches the compass and he who holds the handle on the tiller, for these, by way of returning thanks for a voyage and good luck, continually greet the breeze, praise God, the Blessed Virgin and the Saints, on answering the other, and they are never silent so long as the wind is fair. Anyone on board who hears this chant of theirs would fall asleep."

At daybreak the youngest boy of the watch sang or chanted a prayer that invoked a blessing of the True Cross, the Holy Trinity, and the true God, keeper of the immortal soul, concluding:

Blessed be the light of day

And he who sends the night away.

Then the boy recited the *Pater Noster* and the *Ave Maria* and added a plea to God for a good voyage and the hope that he would grant good days to the officers of the after guard and to the sailors forward.

The sailors and apprentices were divided into two watches, each group alternating at watch-standing duties of four hours each. If he was not already on watch, the sailor's day began at seven in the morning when the deck boy sang out "*Al quarto!*" (on deck) and the men of the morning watch crawled out from whatever sheltering spot they had found to sleep away their few hours of rest. No one needed time to dress, for all hands slept in their clothes. One sailor went aft to relieve the helmsman, who steered from his position under the quarterdeck in an enclosed, gloomy little space cut off from the rest of the ship. He handled the heavy tiller below decks, without any view of the sea or the sails; his orders were shouted down to him through a small hatch by the mate standing on the quarterdeck above. Before him, secured to the mizzenmast, was the binnacle, a box containing the compass and its lantern.

In maintaining his assigned compass course the helmsman was aided by the feel of the ship under his feet and the orders of the mate from above. Steering was a rough job. When a heavy sea slammed against the rudder, the swinging tiller might knock the helmsman off his feet. To minimize this, a relieving tackle, which could be adjusted to allow for the set of the sea, was rigged to the tiller. Not every sailor was a skilled helmsman. Columbus noted in his journal that his sailors sometimes steered

badly, carelessly allowing the *Santa María* to run as much as several points off the ordered course.

The first duty of the men of the morning watch was to man the wooden pumps that stood just forward of midships on the main deck, to remove the water that had accumulated in the bilges during the night. The bilge water came up "foaming like hell and stinking like the devil." Seamen believed, however, that if the bilges stank they would enjoy a lucky voyage; the stale water sloshing about in the bottom of the hold ensured that the beams and planks would remain swollen tight and that the crew would not be laboring forever at the pumps.

The men then scrubbed the deck with buckets of sea water and stiff-bristled brooms. In hot, dry climates this scrubbing and sloshing of water over the decks was repeated several times a day to keep the planking from drying out and shrinking in the hot sun. With their buckets, the men then washed down the lower rigging, deadeyes, and main shrouds where they had been soiled by men relieving themselves over the side during the night.

Those on the morning watch were responsible for taking up the slack in the running gear so that all the lines were taut. The sailors also regularly tarred all of the standing rigging, stays, and shrouds. The deck boys were put to making up spun yarn and chafing gear out of old lines and making oakum from old rope yarns for the caulker's use.

When sail was to be taken in, the main yard was quickly lowered to the deck and the sailors gathered the canvas and secured it to the yard with lashings, after which all hands manned the topping lifts and hauled the yard and its furled sail back up to the masthead. In good weather there was no need to raise and lower the heavy yard because sailors could climb the rigging and straddle the yard while gathering up the sail.

When rain was expected and the wind permitted, the sailors manned the mainsail clew lines and raised a corner of the sail to form a belly in the canvas with which to catch some of the precious rainwater, which then would be drained into buckets and casks.

During a storm at sea, life was a nightmarish struggle, with the sailors fight-

ing to take in sails and all hands laboring constantly at the crude hand pumps or (when as often happened, the pumps broke down) forming bucket brigades to bail the ship out by hand. Steering with the heavy wooden tiller in bad weather was a brutal wrestling match that left the helmsman exhausted and covered with bumps and bruises.

In storm and howling winds many among the crew were both sick and terrified, and the sailors were not reluctant to pray to God and call upon the saints for mercy. During Columbus's homeward voyage, when the *Niña* fought to survive a February storm off the Azores, the admiral himself "ordered that lots should be drawn for a pilgrimage to Santa María de Guadalupe and to take a five-pound wax candle [and] for another pilgrim to go to spend a night at vigil in Santa Clara de Moguer and to have a Mass said. . . . After this the admiral and all the men made a vow that, as soon as they reached the first land, all would go in their shirtsleeves in procession to pray in a church dedicated to Our Lady."

During such miserable times there were no hot meals and little sleep. At the end of his watch the sailor, soaked to the skin, rolled himself in his rough gown and napped, perhaps curled up in a sodden coil of mooring line among the rats and roaches under the forecabin, until the boatswain's whistle roused him out for another emergency. After the storm passed, the mariners often discovered to their further dismay that the sea stores had suffered storm damage or that wine or water casks had been stove in, requiring that both food and drink thereafter be severely rationed.

During most of his time at sea, the sailor had precious little leisure time that was not spent in trying to sleep or tending to necessary personal chores. When in port or at anchor, however, or in gentler hemispheres where emergencies were infrequent, the seamen found time for entertainment. Storytelling was a universal pastime among mariners and included tall tales of adventures past and hardships endured, of feats of gluttony and drinking bouts ashore, and of romances in different ports. The board game of checkers (*damas* in Spanish) was widely played, and men off watch squandered many a

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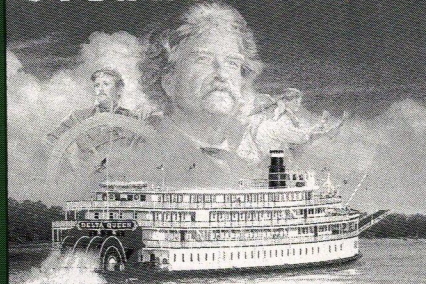
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hard-earned coin gambling with dice under the forecastle head.

Singing was another popular recreation for sailors far from home. We are told that after sighting the islands of the New World, the crew of the *Pinta* sang and danced around the mainmast to the accompaniment of pipes and a tambourine. Shipmates also passed their free hours at sea fishing with

hand line and harpoon; gathering flying fish that landed on deck; and spotting and identifying types of birds that approached the ships.

Yet another leisure-hour activity was described by a seafaring pilgrim in 1401: "Among all the occupations of seafarers there is one which, though loathsome, is yet very common, daily and necessary. I mean the hunting and

catching of lice and vermin. Unless a man spends several hours in this work when he is on pilgrimage, he will have but unquiet slumbers."

Although there always have been men who loved the sea in spite of all of its hardships and dangers, there was one feature of the fifteenth-century sailor's calling that probably attracted him more than anything else—the lure of money. The peasant farmer seldom saw hard cash in his life. What his family could not grow, weave, or craft itself must be obtained through barter. To a youth growing up in such a world the idea of regular wages was most attractive. The sailor was paid in cash for his time and labor.

A sailor's monthly wage of eight hundred *maravedis*—enough to buy two fat pigs—was about the same as that earned by the manservant to a nobleman. A ship's master earned more than double that amount—the price of a cow. For those who sailed with Columbus, the enterprise held both the distant promise of a fortune to be discovered in the Indies and also a stipulated monthly salary to be earned in hard money paid from the Royal treasury.

Despite all they had experienced and endured, the crews of the *Niña* and *Pinta* who returned to Palos in March 1493 were in remarkably good shape. None had been lost due to disease or accidents at sea.* Before setting out in August 1492 they had received four months' pay in advance. Now, as they prepared to drop anchor, the seamen could look forward to collecting the balance owed them and to telling all who would listen of the strange sights they had seen. Although history would focus its gaze on the man who commanded the expedition, the seamen whose labors brought the two surviving ships back to their home port could bask, at least for a time, in his reflected glory. ★

Sometime merchant seaman, treasure diver, and author and illustrator, Peter F. Cope-land has made a lifelong study of the working life and social history of sailors through the ages.

*Sadly, more than a third of Columbus's sailors did not survive to enjoy their hard-won rewards. When the *Santa María* ran aground and was wrecked off Hispaniola, the admiral, having insufficient room aboard the remaining ships for all of his crewmen, built a fort—named La Villa de Navidad in honor of the Christmas feast day—and left thirty-nine men behind. When his second expedition returned to Villa de Navidad in November 1493, Columbus found the fort in ashes and the men dead at the hands of local Taino tribesmen—the Navidad garrison having allowed greed and lust to destroy the good relations that Columbus had established with the natives.

APOSTLE OF REPUBLICAN LIBERTY

Continued from page 36

as American minister to France.

During his five-year mission to France, Jefferson won limited economic concessions from the French government, steeped himself deeply in French culture, and witnessed the opening scenes of the French Revolution. The vast extremes of wealth and poverty he encountered on his European travels during the twilight years of the Old Regime strengthened his commitment to republicanism in America. And his failure to negotiate new commercial treaties with any European country other than Prussia convinced him that the United States needed a stronger central government to achieve its objectives in foreign policy.

From his vantage point in Paris he followed with lively interest the debates over ratification of the U.S. federal Constitution, and though he generally approved of this revolutionary change in the structure of American government, he was deeply concerned by the failure of the framers to limit the number of terms a president could serve and to include a bill of rights. He brought these concerns to the attention of his close friend and political ally, James Madison, the father of the Constitution, and together with Madison was instrumental in persuading other Federalists to agree to the adoption of the Bill of Rights.

Returning to America in 1789, Jefferson looked forward to a sojourn at Monticello, after which he planned to return to Europe. But his diplomatic experience in France made him the obvious choice to serve as George Washington's first secretary of state, a post he assumed in 1790.

In terms of foreign affairs, Jefferson sought unsuccessfully to promote closer commercial relations with France to lessen continuing American economic dependence on Britain. He did succeed, however, in laying the groundwork for the settlement of long-standing disputes with Spain over the navigation of the Mississippi River and the southern boundary, and in helping to keep the nation neutral during the first war of the French Revolution.

The central theme of Jefferson's

tenure at the State Department was his epic conflict with Secretary of the Treasury Alexander Hamilton to determine the future direction of the young American republic. In Hamilton's aggressive advocacy of funding and assuming the national debt, promoting manufactures, loosely interpreting the Constitution, and exalting the national government over the states, Jefferson discerned nothing less than a Federalist plot to destroy the American republic by transforming the government into a limited monarchy along British lines, undermining agrarian dominance in American society, and accentuating American dependence on Britain.

In order to thwart this alleged design, Jefferson and Madison founded the Republican Party and tried to persuade President Washington to dismiss Hamilton and modify his policies. But Washington rejected Republican charges against Hamilton, and Jefferson left office at the end of 1793, content to abandon the struggle against Hamiltonianism to a younger generation of leaders. Once again, he determined to retire forever from public life.

Jefferson's heartfelt desire to enjoy the delights of Monticello conflicted with Republican wishes that he run for the presidency against his old friend John Adams when Washington announced his intention in 1796 to retire after two terms. Jefferson received sixty-eight electoral votes, three short of Adams's seventy-one; as the candidate with the second highest number of electoral votes, he became vice president under the existing presidential election system.

At first he welcomed the result, seeing in Adams a representative of the moderate wing of Federalism who would curb the worst excesses of the Hamiltonian system. But this hope proved to be misplaced, as the Adams administration became involved in a quasi-war with France and Federalists in Congress passed the Alien and Sedition Acts in an obvious effort to eliminate political opposition through fines, prosecutions, and deportations.

Power seemed about to triumph over liberty. In this extremity, Jefferson drafted in 1798 the celebrated Kentucky Resolutions, which upheld the doctrine of states' rights and invited the states to reject any act of Congress not specifically authorized by the Constitution.

Convinced that Federalist extremism threatened to subvert the American experiment in republicanism, Jefferson ran for president in 1800 on a platform stressing limited government, strict construction of the Constitution, and states' rights as the means of preserving republican liberty. Aided by a strong Republican party organization and a fatal schism between Adams and Hamiltonian Federalists, Jefferson triumphed over Adams by seventy-three electoral votes to sixty-five.

At first his election was clouded by the fact that he received the same number of electoral votes as his running mate, the unscrupulous New Yorker Aaron Burr, which meant that the outcome had to be decided by the House of Representatives. There, on the thirty-sixth ballot, Jefferson won a majority of states after a strategic minority of Federalists decided that he was a lesser evil than Burr. In his old age Jefferson looked back on this election as the "revolution of 1800"—by which he meant that it marked a reaction against a decade of Federalist centralization and a re-emphasis on the creative energies of the American people as the key factor in determining the shape of the nation's future.

Jefferson's first administration was a triumph for the Republican Party and republican principles. Jefferson began with an innovation that most of his successors in office would follow. Rejecting the precedent set by Washington and Adams—who viewed themselves in effect as elective patriot kings and sought to govern above political parties and through their Cabinet ministers—Jefferson became the first president to combine the constitutional prerogatives of the office with his informal powers as a Republican party

leader. In choosing to govern through the Republican party rather than above it, he tried to achieve a goal that reveals one of the starkest differences between his political world and the one we live in today. For Jefferson wished to do nothing less than attract the great mass of Federalists into the ranks of the Republican party in order to eliminate institutionalized conflict between contending political parties in the United States.

The third president failed to achieve this goal, which would have realized the classical republican vision of uniting all men of good will in a common pursuit of the public interest. Beginning with Andrew Jackson, his successors in office followed the now-familiar pattern of combining the roles of president and party leader within the framework of the two-party system.

During his first administration, Jefferson emphasized republican economy and simplicity. Symbolically, he set the tone by walking to his own inaugural without the usual impressive presidential escort, abandoning the supposedly monarchical practice of addressing Congress in person, and maintaining an air of informality at the White House. Substantively, he lowered taxes, reduced spending, decreased the Army and the Navy, concentrated on paying off the national debt, and generally reversed the flow of power from the states to the federal government that had been one of the defining features of the Federalist agenda.

Jefferson's most important accomplishment as president was the purchase of the Louisiana Territory from Napoleon Bonaparte in 1803. In addition to almost doubling the size of the national domain, the acquisition of this immense territory west of the Mississippi River convinced Jefferson that his vision of American republicanism would endure for generations to come. By seemingly guaranteeing that the United States would remain an agrarian society indefinitely, the Louisiana Purchase persuaded Jefferson that territorial expansion would stave off the corruption over time that history thus far had shown to be the fate of all republics.

Jefferson's landslide victory in the

election of 1804 was the ironic prelude to a second administration fraught with troubles. The Republican Party broke into warring factions over the succession after Jefferson announced that he would follow Washington's wise example and retire after his second term.

But first he had to survive an intractable diplomatic dispute with France and Spain over the boundaries of the Louisiana Purchase. He also had to cope with an effort by Aaron Burr to detach the West from the Union and launch an invasion of Mexico. But the most serious problems he had to face were the repeated violations of American neutrality rights by Britain and France as these two giants resumed their struggle for mastery in Europe.

Concerned that a resort to arms would entail the creation of a standing army and an expanded national debt, both of which he viewed as serious dangers to republicanism, Jefferson instead chose an extreme form of economic coercion to vindicate the nation's neutrality rights. He adopted an embargo on all trade between the United States and the belligerents, and enforced it with coercive measures of such severity that he would have been the first to cry tyranny had these measures been employed by Federalists. But the strategy failed, and by the time Jefferson finally retired from public life in 1809, the seeds had been sown for the War of 1812.

Jefferson's concern for the future of American republicanism remained undimmed during the seventeen years of welcome retirement he spent at Monticello. Following his lifelong commitment to the advancement of knowledge, Jefferson during his final decade designed and was instrumental in overseeing construction and establishment of the University of Virginia, one of the three life accomplishments for which he chose to be remembered on the grave marker he himself designed (the other two being his authorship of the Declaration of Independence and of the Virginia Statute of Religious Freedom).

In the aftermath of the War of 1812, he was deeply troubled by incipient signs of accelerated urbanization, commercialization, and industrialization

in the North, because he feared that they would undermine civic virtue by making farmers and laborers unduly dependent on a small group of bankers, merchants, and businessmen.

He was even more alarmed by the controversy between the North and the South over the admission of Missouri as a slave state because he rightly feared that the Union would not endure if it split along sectional lines over the slavery question.

But in the end hope triumphed over fear. In the final letter we have from his pen, written only ten days before his death on July 4, 1826, Jefferson regretfully declined an invitation from the mayor of Washington, D.C. to attend a celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Declaration of Independence but expressed his confidence that this noble document would "be to the world, what I believe it will be, (to some parts sooner, to others later, but finally to all,) the signal of arousing men to burst the chains under which monkish ignorance and superstition had persuaded them to bind themselves, and to assume the blessings and security of self-government."

Since the time that has become known as the Jeffersonian era America has undergone a dramatic transformation from the agrarian order he cherished to a mammoth urban, industrial nation. The multiracial society he thought impossible has come to pass—with all the trials and travails he would have expected. The United States has become a world power, and the federal government and the national debt have grown beyond his wildest imaginings.

The Jeffersonian world is gone, but the basic values he championed—liberty, equality, inalienable rights, and self-government—have remained at the heart of the American experience from his time to ours. The application of these fundamental values to rapidly changing conditions is a challenge we still face today. ★

Eugene R. Sheridan is a member of the Princeton University Department of History and Senior Associate Editor of the Papers of Thomas Jefferson. He has written books and articles on a number of subjects in early American history.

KHE SANH *Continued from page 49*

see one that frightened his general.

During the opening hours of the great Tet Offensive, the Khe Sanh combat base remained relatively quiet—possibly because of the January 30 B-52 attack on the suspected field headquarters in Laos. But on February 4 the North Vietnamese hit Khe Sanh with a vengeance.

"The base was covered by a heavy fog," Sergeant David Millwood recalls. "We couldn't see five feet in front of our positions. I was on duty in the Command Post when our electronic sensors began to go crazy.* They were picking up a lot of enemy movement. Around 1 A.M. the sensors indicated that the heaviest enemy infiltration was in the general vicinity of 881 South."

Later that night, the sensors began to buzz again. "Everything pointed to a massive build-up to the west and south of 881 South," Millwood says. "Our fire control people were working their tails off trying to figure out how fast the average North Vietnamese soldier could march in the dark and foggy terrain. Since we didn't know that, we had no idea how long it would take them to form into assault teams. Finally our fire control team put together a five-hundred-by-three-hundred-meter target box where most of the movement seemed to be taking place. As soon as we had this, every gun in range opened fire."

Within the next hour, more than five hundred artillery rounds pulverized the area.

"Our listening posts weren't picking up anything but the sound of exploding rounds," Millwood recalls. "We weren't hearing any secondary explosions or cries of pain. But we still thought we broke up a major troop concentration."

When the shelling stopped, everyone in the operations center kept a nervous eye on his watch. The usual time for an enemy attack was between one and three in the morning. When three o'clock came and went, the defenders breathed a collective sigh of relief.

But five minutes later, hundreds of

enemy guns and rocket launchers opened fire around Khe Sanh, sending rounds slamming into the combat base. And suddenly the radios in the operations center came alive with desperate calls for help. Hill 861 Alpha, a recently established outpost, was under heavy attack.

One hour later, NVA sappers succeeded in breaching the outer perimeter wire of Hill 861 Alpha and ran screaming into the Marine positions. "I was in my command post when they hit us," recalls Captain Earle Breeding. "Every one of my platoons was reporting the same thing at the same time. No one told me which part of the wire the NVA were coming through, so I assumed we were being hit from all around the clock. I ordered everyone in the company to put on their protective masks and throw CS grenades.* Then I got on the radio and called for artillery support."

By 5 A.M., the NVA had overrun three-quarters of the hill. In response, the guns at the combat base, as well as the mortars on Hill 881 South, fired more than two thousand rounds on and around the beleaguered outpost.

"Finally, our supporting fire slowed them down," says Breeding. "I decided the time had come to kick them off the hill before they could consolidate what they had taken. I organized our counterattack, and we went after them. My men were mad—real mad. For about forty-five minutes we fought hand-to-hand. When it was over, we counted over one hundred dead enemy soldiers inside our perimeter. We won, but it was real close."

And it was a costly battle. Breeding's hilltop suffered forty-two casualties that night.

On February 7 the NVA hit hard again. Spearheaded by nearly a dozen Soviet-made PT-76 amphibious tanks—their first appearance in South Vietnam—attackers force penetrated the defenses at Lang Vei. Despite strikes by U.S. aircraft and artillery fire from Khe Sanh, the NVA overran the camp. Colonel Lownds, convinced that sending in a relief force by helicopter would be sui-

cidal, had to leave the camp to its fate. Fewer than one hundred of Lang Vei's five hundred defenders straggled into Khe Sanh the following day.

Due to the massive American fire support, the NVA were able to launch only one major ground attack against the combat base itself during the eleven-week siege. "In the early evening of February 29, our sensors began to pick up a large enemy build-up a few hundred meters in front of the portion of the perimeter that was held by the ARVN Ranger battalion," recalls Millwood. "Thanks to the sensors, we were able to divert two B-52 strikes from other targets to hit the assembly areas. This also gave us time to direct our artillery on the probable avenues of approach."

Once again the NVA felt the crushing weight of American firepower. The enemy had apparently planned to hit the base in regimental strength, but after being worked over by the B-52s and the artillery they could only manage to assemble a battalion. By this time they had developed a healthy respect for the American Marines and chose to hit the perimeter held by the South Vietnamese troops. But the ARVN rangers also were a pretty tough bunch. Not one NVA soldier got close to the outer wire barrier.

By the first week of March, "Khe Sanh looked like a big hobo jungle," recalls Jennings. "There were empty C-rations cans, and pieces of flak jackets; and the stench was terrible. But the one thing I'll never forget was the rats! They were everywhere. When there was a shelling you could hear squealing and running around behind the sandbags. One night I was in our squad bunker trying to sleep when the NVA began shelling the base. I was so tired I could have slept through it if this big rat hadn't run right across my face! That scared me to death. I believe that more Marines at Khe Sanh were afraid of the rats than of the North Vietnamese."

Finally, around the first week in March General Westmoreland began receiving hard intelligence that the enemy was pulling its forces away from Khe Sanh. On March 10, he told President John-

*The Americans had dropped hundreds of remote electronic sensors in the jungles around Khe Sanh, enabling them to detect the sounds and movements of passing enemy troops.

*CS is an extremely potent form of tear gas.

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MARCH/APRIL 1993

son that from all indications the enemy around the base had dropped by at least eight thousand men, and that the battle was nearing its end. At last the Tet offensive had run its course, and the North Vietnamese apparently no longer could justify continuing to attack Khe Sanh at tremendous losses.

On April 1, the Army's 1st Cavalry Division launched "Operation Pegasus," the helicopter-borne offensive that would re-establish ground contact with the combat base. At the same time Marine reinforcements advanced westward along Route 9, reopening it and clearing it of NVA resistance. Colonel Lownds, meanwhile, broke out of the base perimeter and pushed east toward the relieving forces. On April 6, the Khe Sanh Marines linked up with elements of the 1st Cavalry; after eleven weeks the battle of Khe Sanh was over.

Both sides had gained something at Khe Sanh. As he intended, General Westmoreland had succeeded in decimating two of North Vietnam's finest divisions. And General Giap had drawn the American's attention to the north-

ern provinces—away from the focus of his Tet Offensive.

Both antagonists, however, had paid dearly to achieve their objectives. No one knows exactly how many NVA soldiers died around Khe Sanh, but estimates range between ten and fifteen thousand. Curiously, specific figures for Allied losses also are hard to pin down; taking the air actions and battles involving outlying posts as well as the combat base into account, U.S. and ARVN casualties probably totaled nearly five hundred men killed and well over a thousand wounded.

The end of the Khe Sanh siege story is marked by irony. After fighting night and day for eleven weeks, firing more than 150,000 projectiles, dropping more than 100,000 tons of bombs, and losing several hundred Americans, U.S. defenders were ordered to abandon and raze the Khe Sanh Combat Base in June 1968.

The official reason reason for abandoning the outpost was that it had outlived its usefulness. But the real reason

was that General Westmoreland—the driving force behind the hold-Khe-Sanh-at-all-costs campaign—had been named Army chief of staff and no longer was in command in South Vietnam. His successor, General Creighton W. Abrams, had opposed holding Khe Sanh in the first place. And with President Johnson deciding not to run for re-election, there was no longer pressure from Washington to stand fast in that god-forsaken corner of the world. Khe Sanh's fate was just one more tragic irony in a terribly mismanaged war. ★

An Army veteran who served in Vietnam, Richard G. Harris is a free-lance writer who specializes in military affairs and history. His narrative of the 1970 Son Tay prison raid appeared in the March/April 1990 issue of American History Illustrated.

More than one thousand veterans of Khe Sanh have formed their own organization, which meets annually and publishes a newsletter. For information contact Rev. Ray W. Stubbe, President Emeritus, Khe Sanh Veterans Inc., 8766 Parkview Court, Wauwatosa, Wisconsin 53226.

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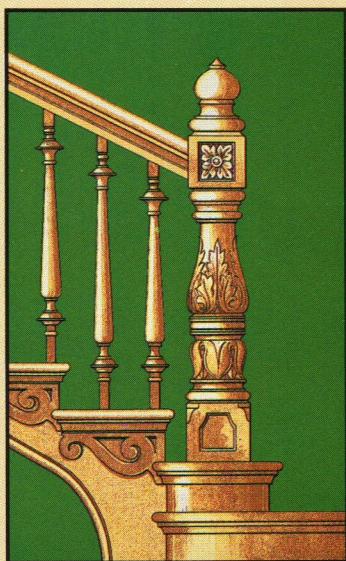
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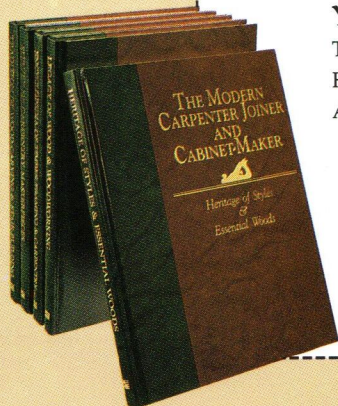
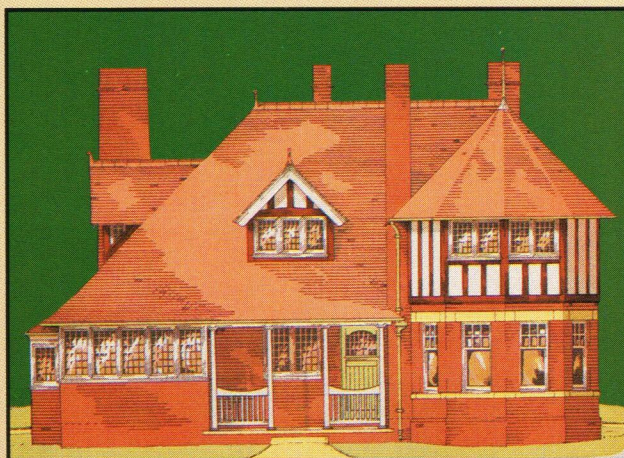
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